
10. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* contents were determined by spectrophotometry using the method of Lichtenthaler and Whistler (1987).

| We have need of a spiritual paper.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

S. S. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
J. R. FRANCIS, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

TERMS OF THE

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

Ministers Preaching on the Ruins of their Churches in Chicago—Who are Ministers—A Strange Service.

(NUMBER LXXII.)

The Sunday night following the fire in this city was indeed a solemn one. Ancient Nineveh, Babylon, Jerusalem, and Tyre, present a remarkable solemn aspect in the evening, when one listens to the noise of bats, owls, and vernal, and the mind is carried back to more prosperous days when such animals had no exclusive home there. But in this Garden City, the queen of the lakes, reposing amid rubbish and ashes, is a germ that will soon spring forth, producing spacious warehouses, magnificent stores, elegant places of amusement,—everything that money can produce or art invent. Here, on the Sunday evening above mentioned, standing on the ruins of the different churches, might have been seen prominent ministers of the Gospel, surrounded by an attentive group of listeners. They indeed looked sad! The desolation around them was complete. The ruins expressed the sorrows of heart-broken thousands. The very air seemed to reverberate with the sounds produced by falling tears and moans of anguish. On such an occasion, the various divines of the burned district repaired to the ruins of their respective churches, and delivered a sermon. They all appeared solemn and dignified—they had been very much humbled. Their prayers seemed to echo and re-echo in the distant ruins, until they vanished in sweet whispers, as they supposed, near the throne of God. They prayed as they never did before. Their renovations were louder, were uttered in more nervous accents, and seemed to come from extremely sad hearts. Those towering steeples had felt! Those carpeted aisles had vanished in the lurid flames! Those massive stones had cracked in numerous fragments in the embrace of the Fire Fiend! Those hymn books had sent forth their last song on the breath of the fierce wind! Those Bibles reposing on the altars were in ashes! God's edifices had been demolished, and these ministers were holding religious carnival on the ruins! There was grand beyond conception. The night was bright with the stars of heaven, and the soft silvery light falling on a desolate city, seemed to speak a divine language. There was not a breeze—not a rattle on the lakes. There was a solemn grandeur in the scene,—men and women collected together to pay adoration to God. These ministers had faithfully served him. Their churches were splendidly ornamented, standing in beautiful contrast with the hovels of the poor and destitute. They ascribed this calamity to God; the people of Chicago were very wicked; corruption existed; crime stalked abroad at noonday, and in the sight of God this visitation was necessary. Well, if God caused this remarkable conflagration, it might be well to inquire why he did not protect the churches. What nonsense these divines gave expression to! There was no sense in their wild exclamatory declamations, and those who remain to-day in Chicago, are less religious, if possible, than before.

Did God control this Fire Fiend, direct its course, and stop it when the fairest and best portions of Chicago were laid in ruins? Did he cause this calamity on account of the wickedness, licentiousness, etc., of those who live here? A thousand lips ask that question, and it sounds off on the breeze, vanishing without an answer. Will God respond? Are those divines who stood on those crumbled ruins right, charging him as the cause of this desolation?

What are the crimes alleged to have been committed by Chicago that should render necessary such a fearful and heart-rending conflagration? It is said that the houses of assignation, saloons, and gambling halls, constituted the great source of sin in this city. Were there not more righteous ones here than

in Sodom and Gomorrah? Would God have destroyed Chicago, rendered thousands homeless, reducing them to beggary, if there had been as many righteous ones here as in that ancient city? Will Collyer answer? Will Brother Moody respond? Will Rev. Fowler give expression to his views? Two hundred and fifty ministers of the Gospel here—and are there not ten decent, respectable, honorable,—yes, religious men among them? Would God have rendered more good and true men to save Chicago, than he did Sodom and Gomorrah? If a God of justice, he would not. According, then, to divine authority, among the two hundred and fifty divines of this city, there were not ten respectable ones,—not even enough to save our city from destruction. While the Fire Fiend leveled their churches, scattered them to the four winds of the earth, the gilded palaces of vice in various parts of the city still remain! While God's houses are demolished, the dens of iniquity, so called, still exist, and Chicago is as wicked as ever. What lesson, then, can be learned from this fire? Yes, a grand one—such as the world has never before witnessed. But why should these ministers publish broadcast to the world that this visitation resulted from the *divine wrath* of God? Will humanity believe it? Did Chicago need this calamity? If a visitation of God, it resulted from the inherent meanness, and innate depravity of the divines who stood on those ruins and so declared. But we pause. Around us arises a dark atmosphere,—so dark that our vision can hardly penetrate it! The scene is appalling! Enveloped in this dense haze is the immortal character of Chicago. It seems to sifle us, and the very air we breathe is putrid. All appears to be dark and dismal. What is it? What those divines have so persistently stated? Is the character of Chicago thus dark and damning, and we ask what means this? Did this city possess no brighter garb than that, and was it necessary for destructive flames to waft the darkness away, leaving nothing but the ruins of a magnificent city? Ah! such the religious world would have us believe; but such is not the case.

Is not the assertion of these two hundred and fifty ministers who reside here that the wickedness of Chicago caused its destruction, an insult to common sense, a cowardly attack on the character of three hundred thousand men, women, and children, a contemptible insinuation that should be hurled back upon them as religious debris oozing from dirty mouths? Yes, religious vagabonds, your God would have saved that dirty city of ancient times, if ten righteous ones could have been found, you five, and would he show less respect for Chicago? Then, to-day, in accordance with Holy Writ, we pronounce sentence upon the ministers of the Gospel of Chicago. Standing upon the ruins of an old cabin, in sight of the smouldering remains of a house of worship, we say there are not five righteous ones among them—not five who possessed merit enough to save the city, not five but who will be ranked with the *poets*. If the wickedness of this city caused its destruction, who are pure among the divines—is one without sin?

Our spiritual eyes penetrate secret places; our spirit is wafted to the side of the living, and we follow their steps an unseen visitant. We read their thought; we see their secret acts. We behold men and women as they are. The veil is lifted, the secret garb of each one is thrown off. There stand before us the two hundred and fifty divines of Chicago. Their character to us is an unsealed book. We read the life-lines of each one, and in so doing we are compelled to penetrate dark places; to gaze upon unclean things; to see acts of licentiousness such as make the blood tingle in our veins; but to us nothing is concealed that our guide desires to reveal. But behind those ministers, are two hundred and fifty "prostitutes," dressed in their richest attire. We stand gazing upon them, with strange emotions affecting us. There are girls, with eyes radiant with beauty, with a spirit such as you possess, such as all possess, and just as previous in the sight of angels! While standing there our soul became grandly illuminated with a light divine! From each of those young girls we saw a magnetic ray emanating, and connected with some very ten generations, with others nine, with others seven, with others five, while a few had only two! We read therefrom a lesson. We analyzed this magnificent chord, this brilliant emanation, and traced the life of each one back to its parent stem; and we laid our hand upon a flaxen-haired girl, and from our inmost soul we blessed her! We pointed out the cause of her present life. Five generations ago, the seed was first planted; the licentious seed that finally culminated in producing her,—in making her what she is! Yes; that mother, by indulging in impure thoughts, gave birth to a child that followed out their impulses, and so on, on, during five generations, finally culminating in this little girl who stands by our side. And we pass along that line of fallen women; we gaze at those brilliant emanations, trace their connections with past generations, and explain to each one why they are leading a life of sin. Past generations were the real sinners; these prostitutes are only the culmination of their vile acts. To us this is a reality. The long line of young girls before us is no idle dream, but a phantom of the brain, but presented to us that we may learn a lesson therefrom. And then they vanished as quickly as they came, and our soul seemed to be imbued with a loving, forgiving spirit. We blame no one; we chide no one; we love all, and then we gaze at that long line of ministers. What a contrast to those who have just vanished. And then again, we behold the life-lines of each one a book of their life, and we read from its mystic pages. There, in all that line of ministers is not one who in worldly terms would be regarded as pure. There are secret

acts that they would not like to have made known, which would ruin their character, and destroy their usefulness. They all live in glass houses. Yet from our inmost soul, we do not blame them. Past generations made those fallen women; past generations made those ministers. We will not praise any; we will blame none. Wickedness exists in Chicago, but it is only the culmination of the acts of past generations, and they are mainly to blame. Then while we gaze at the sad spectacle, the ruins of our once prosperous city, we must throw the veil of charity over all, assist those who require it, and commence to-day in so living that future generations will not suffer for our transgression. To the ministers here we would say, do not refer to the wickedness of Chicago without including yourselves, for, as John Allen was the wickedest man in New York, so are all in some degree sinful—even you with your vestry cloak on, saying your prayers, may be classed among the wicked ones of Chicago!

But to conclude, we cast the veil of charity over all. In a truly loving spirit, we would throw the arms of affection around all humanity, we would bless all, add all, fully understanding the causes which make Collyers, and those who lead a life of licentiousness and sin.

TO BE CONTINUED.

An Angry God and Cunning Devil.

In our last issue we discussed in brief the subject of "Calamities, their Author or Cause." The question, "Is there a Compensation?" we did not reach. It is a pertinent inquiry, and will be considered in due time.

We have already seen that the great mass of mankind are in the habit of attributing to God all such calamities as are referred to in that article.

We have further shown that not only so-called evangelical religionists but "liberal Christians" hold that the book called the "Holy Bible" is the Word of God, sacred and infallible. Indeed, all who raise questions in regard to its sacredness and infallibility, are denounced as blasphemers, and will eventually, in the estimation of the truly evangelical, be doomed to never-ending perdition, endless hell torments, unless saved through the "Blood of Christ," the Son, ay, the immaculate God, the Father, who "suffered death," and thereby provided "a plan of salvation" for us poor sinners, if we were not finally impotent, but with this express condition, that we must believe and look to Christ as our Saviour, or be damned. Here comes the rub, believe in what and repent of what?

Some will tell us to believe in the "Sacred Word of God, the Bible," in "the plan of salvation" as taught by theologians; and repent of what? Repent that we ever made use of our reasoning faculties, of common, ordinary good sense. Repent that we did not always believe the Bible doctrine that God got angry with Adam and Eve, and cursed them, their seed, and the earth, because they listened to the advice of his snakeship, and partook of the forbidden fruit, which opened their eyes, so that they knew enough to comprehend the fact that they had not dressed themselves before the serpent.

Repent of ever having believed that there was a natural cause for everything that transpired, be the effect pleasant or disagreeable. Repent of ever having enjoyed the congenial effects of causes designed in nature to make mankind wiser, better, and happier.

Yes, we must repent of a disbelief in the teachings of a designing and corrupt priesthood that has, and would continue to enslave both body and mind of mankind for self aggrandizement.

Such are the popular doctrines of the day. Such doctrines have been popular in all past ages. The world's wise men teach such puerile sentiments with sanctimonious mien; and men and women venerate them as great and good.

Modern Spiritualism is being studied and received by the best thinkers of the age, notwithstanding the opposition of the shallow pretensions of a sanctimonious priesthood. It is daily crushed between thieves—thieves on the right and on the left. But Spiritualism is immortal. No sooner is one medium slaughtered—crucified upon the cross of public opinion, and vile vituperations, and the foul breath of slander, not infrequently uttered by the polluted lips of a pretended "missionary of the cause," than we find other mediums, to fill their places, are developed for angelic communion with mortals.

They tell us of their experience in the spheres of immortality. They contradict the dogmas of the church. They proclaim to us that the personal God who, like a hideous tyrant, slaughters innocent women and children, causes pestilence and famine, war and devastation, tornadoes and earthquakes, burns Chicago and towns in Northern Wisconsin and Michigan, innocent women and children, is no where to be found in the wide domains of the spirit world.

They teach us that as yet they have, none of them, found "the Lamb whose blood was shed 'for the sins of the world,'" nor ever heard of his whereabouts.

The wise and experienced in spirit life, through the organisms of mediums, tell us great truths in the philosophy of life, directly contrary to the theological teachings of the priesthood of the present and past ages; of which teachings bearing upon this great and prolific subject, we have more to say in future articles.

In view of these facts it is strange that the whole Christian world should oppose modern Spiritualism.

It is a well-known fact that almost the whole human race formerly believed in some system of "revealed religion." Protestants condemn Catholics. Jointly they would, if in their power, torture and burn the Mormons, who believe in a system of "revealed religion," of

which Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and others are the prophets.

These sanctimonious pretenders now united have, in the past, slaughtered each other for a difference of faith with a degree of cruelty that puts savage warfare to the blush for tameness. Now they claim a common revelation through the Nazarene, so do the Mormons whom they persecute.

A few centuries ago, when a new revelation, claiming to be of divine origin, was put forth as truth, however closely allied in sentiment to the Christ teachings, yet it was treated as a heresy, and millions of such heretics were put to death, by slow torture or by fire, for their heresy to the dogmas of the dominant church party. To-day they can only fine and imprison the Mormons for what men "after 'God's own heart'" used to do, and that only with the aid of a corrupt judge.

So the earth has from age to age been governed and controlled by passion instead of reason. Such has been the case in all countries and among all peoples. God and Devil have been the two objects of fear. God as a hideous tyrant, devising means of torture, such as tornadoes to destroy, pestilence and famine to subdue old and young, wars to desolate, fire to burn cities and towns, to punish sinners! The Devil to decoy with sweet words and promises and pleasant flowery paths, to allure poor mortals until the day of eternal doom arrives, when "the Judge of all the earth, the quick 'and the dead,'" should pronounce the awful sentence, "Depart from me ye cursed into 'everlasting torment prepared for the devil and his angels.'" God giving his "Adversary" just what he has been working for!

These are the teachings that city priests audaciously promulgate at every protracted meeting where the wicked are converted—where the members of the churches get their army recruits to war against the truth—Spiritualism—the philosophy of life.

This subject will be further considered hereafter.

Queen Victoria, of England.

Queen Victoria a Spiritualist? When that announcement was first made the Orthodox church of England stuck up its nose, curled its lips, became indignant and angry, and immediately started the report, that she was laboring under a temporary fit of insanity. In her behavior and devotion to Spiritualism, she appears somewhat eccentric, but her conversion to the truths of the Harmonical Philosophy, should not create any more interest or excitement among the people, than the "change of 'heart,' liver, stomach, or bile on the part of a 'heavenly Chinese,' who, actuated with a love for God, and a fear of his Satanic Majesty, the Devil, adjusts himself on the 'stool of repentance,'" confesses, acknowledges himself very wicked, and while there, is metamorphosed from a villainous vagabond into a Christian, with a new "beating apparatus" on his left side, and a conscience as radiant with whiteness as a snowflake that rests on the top of a topos mountain! Several of these "heavenly Chinese" have lately had new hearts put into their left side, through the sanctimonious skill of ingenious "doctors of souls," who, while they were skillfully adjusted on the "stool of repentance," had administered to them *one of those good old-fashioned*, which instantly changed their old hearts to pass out of their mouth, replacing it with one on which was written, the trade mark of the Christian religion,—"Converted." To us, in some respects, the metamorphosis of a pagan, or the transmigration of a "heavenly Chinese" into a Christian, is of far greater interest, than the conversion of Queen Victoria to Spiritualism. She has now a firm conviction that Prince Albert is ever present with her; she talks with him, she pets him, she caresses him, kisses him, loves him as she did while in earth life. At times, when she is more than ordinarily impressed with a sense of his presence, the poor, fond woman will order a knife and fork, to be placed on the dinner table for him, and cause the attendants to place every course before the empty chair as if the master still occupied it. Every morning a pair of boots are cleaned and set down against the door of the chamber which he once occupied; and at breakfast, when in Scotland, she will often sit a long time in silence, waiting for the Prince. There is something beautiful in her devotion to her deceased husband. Ever true to him during his earth-life, she still entertains for him the same fond, sympathizing affection now, and there is manifested in all her movements that tender regard for his memory, that at once imparts a favorable impression to all in reference to her. Her private rooms are still arranged as when they echoed with his voice or the tread of his feet, and, though invisible, he is still a constant visitor, and feels the hallowed influence which the Queen's presence imparts. Prince Albert himself was said to be a sort of theosophist, and no doubt it was from him that she received those impressions which have finally culminated in a belief in spirit communion.

In this manifestation of affection on the part of the Queen for the Prince, the English aristocrats have found a bone which they are picking, alternately giving forth snaps and snarls, that puts one in mind of a den of fighting serpents! True to her own inner promptings, ever actuated with the purest motives, she pursues a course which she knows to be right, regardless of Lords, Peers, or wealthy nabobs.

To us, then, this conversion of the Queen is not a matter of great interest, for it is only a result that follows all sincere investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism. However, the conversion of a pagan or "heavenly Chinese," his adjustment on a "stool of repentance," or his elongation on the "miserable seat," is always fraught with unusual interest, for the supplying of a "new heart," the washing away of

his sins with the blood of Christ, and the moans, and sighs, and tears of anguish that follow, is always accompanied with more or less danger. The heart of a "heavenly Chinese" when he leaves the religious "stool of repentance," bears no more resemblance to the "beating apparatus" he possessed before he took his seat there, than a dried herring does to an ostrich feather.

Transmigration of Souls.

The Bonard will ease has again been up before Surrogate Hutchings, in New York, and Dr. Clymer, of the Philadelphia Hospital, who has made a special study of nervous diseases, presented important evidence. The extravagant admiration of Bonard for Mr. B-rgh, and his will giving \$100,000 to the society with the long name, were not, in the eyes of the doctor, evidence of mental weakness. In response to the question, "Do you consider a man who believes in the transmigration of souls, and frequently expresses an opinion that the bodies of men pass into the bodies of animals, irrational?" the doctor said, "Not necessarily, for this reason: It is a belief held by many of the first minds of ancient and modern times. Pythagoras learned it from the Egyptians, who are thought to be the first who believed in the immortality of the soul, and they believed that, being immortal, the soul, on leaving the man's body, passed into other animals. Some hold it returned, purified, after thousands of years, to the human form. The Druids of France, Britain and Germany held it. The Brahmins hold it, and the disciples of Fourier in France. Some of the fathers of the church—Origen for instance—held it. Some theologians try to show from the ninth chapter of Job, that it is doctrine of the New Testament, and some have held that the doctrine of Purgatory originated from it. Besides, beliefs are held sometimes as mere metaphysical beliefs. There is a difference between religious conviction and the mere holding of a general belief on a subject. Some Christians think others who believe certain doctrines are under a delusion; but a medical expert, without finding evidence of a delusion in a general way, would not be warranted in saying such persons were laboring under mental unsoundness." And that was an eminently proper answer, damaging as it was to the parties trying to break the will.

Notice.

Many friends in different parts of the country have written us since the fire, offering to take and adopt as their own little girls who might be destitute of good homes, and requesting us to intercede to that end.

We have done so with pleasure, but as yet have not been successful. The fact is the demand is so great for little girls that the Home of the Friendless in this city—a benevolent institution that receives without question all little waifs brought to them by night or by day, and properly cares for them—have advance applications for many more good people than they can possibly fill. The fact is, these little angels in embryo are appreciated and esteemed as more precious in the estimation of loving, would-be mothers than gold or precious stones.

Orders for the Sunday Question and Contradictions of the Bible, and Bhagvat-Geeta, will be filled as soon as we can get them out. Every book and every plate was burned, but we shall be very glad to receive orders for them, as it will aid us in getting them out anew. We shall make all possible haste in replacing all of our stereotype plates and in republishing works consumed by the fire. Those who send us orders will be sure to get all books so ordered in due time. That kind of *fitting to the pocket*—will be a strengthener.

Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

Amount previously acknowledged.....\$26.50
Mrs. L. A. Jennings, Cleveland, Ohio..... 7.00
J. S. Hopkins, Evansville, Ind..... 10.00
R. Seveland, Goshen, Ohio..... 2.00
G. R. Rymon, Pleasant Hill, Ky..... 5.00
John Beach, Elkhart, Ind..... 1.45
G. G. Lender, Wyandotte, Kansas..... 3.00
J. H. Lender, 808 N. Main St., St. Louis..... 1.00
J. Cunningham, Columbus, Texas..... 10.00

Star Lecture Course.

On next Monday evening, Dec. 4th, Rev. John Lord, the eminent historian of Boston, will deliver a lecture at the Michigan Avenue Free Library, subject, "Savannah." Admission 50 cents; reserved seats 75 cents. Dec. 11, Mark Twain; Dec. 18, Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Course tickets for three lectures, \$1.00.

Fraternal Call.

Bro. Eli F. Brown, of Richmond, Ind., gave us a fraternal call while on his way into the interior of the state. Bro. Brown is a good and faithful worker, and should be constantly employed.

Monroe, Mich.

A friend in Monroe, Mich., sends \$3.50 for a book for himself and subscription to a lady in Deerfield, Mich., but fails to give his own name.

We just received a letter from K. Graves, who is laboring at St. Joseph, Mo. He remains there until about Christmas, and would like to labor in the Western States until spring. His terms are extremely liberal, and we have no doubt he will find plenty to do. Address him at St. Joseph, Mo.

We are now prepared to fill all orders for reformatory and miscellaneous books, with which our friends will favor us.

P. R. LAWRENCE, of Ottumwa, Iowa, is represented as an excellent healing medium.



Original Essays.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
IS THE WORLD READY?

By Susan F. Waters.

Living in this nineteenth century, when thought with rapid strides traverses many hitherto unexplored regions of science and philosophy, we often hear it said that "The world is not ready for it," just as if there was some truth or fact that could come to the world prematurely. The same declaration has been made in all ages of the world, its frequency has been in proportion to the rapidity with which new steps in progress have been taken.

The world ready? yes, certainly; otherwise the truth or fact could not come. It is useless to wait for all individuals to be ready; such a time has never been in the past, and what assurance have we that it ever will be so in the future? "The world is not ready for it," is, and ever has been, the declaration of bigoted conservatism; the weapon of resistance with which the greatest achievements have been met.

What if men did declare that the world was not ready for that scientific postulate, for the utterance of which Copernicus and Galileo suffered? The world was ready and the utterance was premature, or it could have been swept aside by the tyrannous power of conservatism in that age. Whatever the world's readiness, the circulation of the blood of the world was ready, though men of science stood forth to deny the fact, and to discontinue, disgrace, and impoverish the discovery.

When the literature was made to take the place of boiling pitch, to stand the blood which in the world was ready, the world of suffering humanity was ready for the more human practice, though the faculty of physicians were graged that human life should be "hung upon a thread when boiling pitch had stood the test for centuries."

As we look down the aisles of the past, we see that in science, government and religion, truer and better perceptions have at first been rejected as insane, or pernicious, simply because they were new and not understood. But the growing civilization and enlightenment of humanity has attested that the world was ready for the new idea, though the conservatism of established order for a time rejected it. The radicalism and freedom of one age become the conservatism and slavery of succeeding ages. Greeds, whether scientific, political, or religious, though giving ample freedom for the generation that gives them birth, become, as it were, grappling lions to chain humanity to a barbarous and less enlightened past.

Those tensors of human thought and action, who assail all new-born conceptions of human rights and relations, are very likely to be blind modes, because their eyes are so much blinded by the standard in the past, while the swelling flood of humanity rolls on in resistless waves of progression. The mercury of human aspiration will rise higher than the tube of conservatism, which indicates all admissible variation, under the restrictions of conventional rules, political institutions, and religious creeds.

The world was ready for the Declaration of Independence, though that declaration was recorded in the blood of many martyrs.

The world was ready for the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, though his declarations were being slain by the hands of that selfishness and ignorance, which is blind to the brotherhood of races, the unity of interests, and the mutual dependence of individuals.

The world was ready for Spiritualism, with its soul-satisfying revelations, ready to be blessed by the love of spirits-loved ones dead to the outer senses, and lost even to the eye of faith; but so really alive and so vividly perceptible, in the absolute knowledge which Spiritualism brought to the understanding.

The cold materialist, though he knew it not, was ready to melt into tears in the embrace of loved ones, whose individuality he had supposed was passed to nothingness. Full many a zealous churchman was ready to drop his formulas and faith, his traditions and his creeds, to grasp a knowledge, a philosophy, and an experience that made the intellect rich and the whole soul glad.

Yes, the world was ready for Spiritualism, though the bigot knew it not, and still knows it not; though he still talks of "that bourne from whence no traveler returns;" though he still makes death a chain to the future, and hope, and strains the dim eyes of faith to catch one ray of light from the life beyond.

Here, then, we stand on that threshold of time which divides the future from the past, and from the grand lessons which that past teaches. Will we say that the world is not ready for any of the grand reforms and movements that are being agitated around us? Will we say that they are premature or futile? Are we unready to enlist in behalf of peace reform, abolition of the death penalty, woman's equality with man in all the rights of citizenship, including equal education, and the right of suffrage and eligibility to office? Are we unready to lend the whole energy of our natures to the subject of educational reform? Are we unready to face the evils of the social relations in which humanity is now placed, and give our time, energy, and influence to devise or discover remedies for the social ills which are undermining the soundness and perfection of our governmental system, to see its deficiencies, and to draw a parallel between the divine rights of humanity—the higher law of human nature—and those governmental institutions which are a product of the past, and still bearing relics of the ancient barbarism of the past within their structure? Are we unready to take part in labor reform, and to help equalize and balance conditions which now perpetuate so much misery and degradation?

If we, as individuals, are not ready, the world is ready, for the subjects are fairly and squarely before it. The unchangeable laws of nature and nature's God are ruling in them, and the inescapable destiny of consummation is straight before them in the future. As Spiritualists, and advocates of a liberal and progressive philosophy, we have ceased to persecute new ideas as heresies; but not infrequently we denounce them as false, defective, or impracticable; while holy (?) hands are held up in horror at the dangerous (?) innovations which are proposed.

This is only another form of bigoted conservatism; only another method of blocking that responsibility and action which belong to every living soul in this as well as in the spirit world. Our entire abilities, our wisdom, culture, and morality, are all under a deadly appointed ban, to come into play only to the support of every unpopular truth, and to the support of all truth contained in every conserved and uncalculated reform. It is not for us as reformers to stand back and criticize the work of others, but rather to bring our intellectuality, our morality and our spirituality, to bear upon all the needed subjects that relate to the interests of humanity; and until we have fulfilled this pledge, the defects of existing systems, and the

imperfections of proposed reforms, are as much our fault as of any other member of society.

The whole history of the past shows that no new conceptions of human rights and human needs has been launched upon the world fully matured and free from deficiencies and errors. The prevailing fault has been to pronounce as diabolical, fanatical or impracticable, that which nature in her divine procedure of progression and elucidation proves to be good, useful, inevitable, and easy.

As reformers, it is less rational for us to denounce than it is for us to come directly to share in the detail of labor, and help correct the errors and supply the deficiencies which we see, both in existing conditions and in the suggested reforms.

A hoary-headed error is no better than one just devised. We know there are defects in all our present social, political, and religious systems; and with a bold front we may as well acknowledge them, while with modesty and the whole aspiration of our natures we put our individual efforts into the most unpopular as well as the most acceptable reforms.

Truth is too precious to be rejected, too divine to be traduced, and too indestructible to be destroyed, or to be dimmed by blindness, self-righteousness, egotism or indifference. Great years belong to those principles that underlie the needs and constitute the relations of humanity. To war with them only insures our defeat.

Bordentown, N. J.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
An Orthodox Minister on the War Path.

BROTHER JONES—My discussion with Moses Hull, Editor of *The Crucible*, took place, at Liberty Union Co., Ind., beginning on Tuesday night, Sept. 19th, and closing on the ensuing Thursday night.

Bro. Hull has made in his paper dated Oct. 7th, a full statement of his judgment on the "late duel." I am of the conviction that that statement does not do justice either to the Spiritualists who are interested, I presume, in all the debates conducted by leading men of the Harmonical School, nor to myself as a defender of the Bible against the aggressions of its enemies. It does not do justice to either party, because it does not state the facts, that a just conclusion can be reached in the matter.

I desire to correct Bro. Hull's document through the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and my reasons for doing so, are several and weighty, which for the sake of time and space, I will not enumerate.

In giving my correction of Bro. Hull's document, I will first give his version in sections, and secondly, I will add to those sections what my notes of the debate, etc., seem to require.

Mr. Parker is a rapid talker, sometimes quite led in his method of reasoning, and would be very gently guided in his own admission of it; but when in a tight place he will founder, and in spite of all his efforts, will not be able to get his feet so tightly around himself that he becomes weak water. There were several instances of the kind in our debate.

Of course I omit in this article all that Bro. Hull's document did not immediately connect with the real work.

Bro. Hull forced me to talk very rapidly on Tuesday night, because he desired to limit the speeches to twenty minutes each. I had a double work to do; first to formally respond to his affirmative arguments; and secondly, to show that his position was untenable, and to give some strong pulchrum by way of "negative arguments."

Bro. Hull accuses me of floundering, and netting myself, thus becoming "weak as water." Of course, I shall not retaliate by accusing him of floundering. I believe he did his best work. But he believed himself doing a thorough work. If he will mention those tight places, or tell us in what those meshes consisted, either in the *Crucible* or the JOURNAL, I will with pen repeat my own productions, and let the public decide. Will Bro. Hull do this? We shall see.

Mr. P., former professor (he has been a lawyer) has worked somewhat against him as a debater. We think it impossible that any one could help but see that many of his arguments were of *capitulum* but not of *substantia* nature. He was not perfectly transparent as to motives against him. Like many others, Mr. Parker loved truth, but when engaged in controversy he, like many others, loves victory more. It is these matters we would prefer to stand at the muzzle rather than the breach of his guns.

Bro. Hull here gives me credit for "many arguments." But I will remember I was responding to his debate, and was affirmative. But he charges me with presenting *ad captum* *religio* arguments. But he seems to forget that those arguments were made out of material in which *ad captum* *religio* could have no place, as an element even. Nine of them were made from premises constituting the basis of Mr. Hull's work. "The Question Settled." Ten of them were framed upon the solemn, formal enunciation of Spiritualistic teachings by E. V. Wilson; and nine of them were based upon a broad induction of Harmonical Teachings—*ad captum* *religio* is not made of such material.

Still Bro. Hull accuses me of "petty fogging." Well, that is easy done. I did not expect Bro. Hull to pass an encomium upon my work; but I did expect he would leave out of his report those uncertain and suspicious phrases, "floundering," "petty fogging," etc.

Bro. Hull does me an unintentional injustice in saying that I love "victory more" than I do truth. The reverse of this statement of Bro. Hull is the truth. I love victory for truth, but I love truth more. Bro. Hull should not pass judgment on the motives of any one.

Mr. P. had told a hundred dollars in books, and two months of his time, in answering questions in writing out the arguments he was to use in the discussion. He was nothing when outside of his book. He was nothing when he could not follow us, we followed him, and he was forced to follow us, we followed him, and he was forced to follow us.

In the foregoing section these things demand notice. Bro. Hull is in error as to the amount paid for Books. I estimated the total of my expenses at "one hundred dollars." This was an estimate in the rough. A close computation afterwards made, reduced my estimate to less than eighty dollars.

Bro. Hull says "He was nothing, when outside his book."—a plain concession that I was something when he was nothing. He was nothing when he could not follow us, we followed him, and he was forced to follow us. He was nothing when he could not follow us, we followed him, and he was forced to follow us. He was nothing when he could not follow us, we followed him, and he was forced to follow us.

Again Bro. Hull says that I could not follow him, therefore he followed me, thoroughly with me from every battery. He followed me from every battery. He followed me from every battery. He followed me from every battery.

Bro. Hull introduced into his first speech one affirmative argument, or rather a pair of affirmative arguments, when he said "I am in my response, I repelled the advance he had made by rejecting the definitions of his terms, which were not the definitions mutually agreed upon in our published correspondence. I then fully responded to the relevant facts presented after which I threw out two or three arguments supporting the negative side of the question. From that time Bro. Hull was put upon the defense of Modern Spiritualism, and to the end of the debate, he offered no more affirmative proofs, notwithstanding I proposed to give him one half hour of my own time in order to bring up his work, and let him hear some of his evidence in behalf of his proposition. He refused to accept the time, and did not present any further affirmative proof. How could I follow him, when he refused to lead, and felt himself obliged to become respondent in the debate in which he had long advertised himself as *affirmant*? When I attempt to *affirm* a proposition, if my opponent throw me into the defensive only, I know I am defeated. Bro. Hull, however, when in the same predicament, publishes himself *elabor*.

He is gathering for us again, and hopes to be able after the close of January to make a different proposition. Probably he would not consent to go into another discussion of the old, unless forced by outside pressure to do so.

Two points in the foregoing need a little illumination.

During the debate, Bro. Hull had much to say about the Jehovah of the Jewish Scriptures. As I deemed his assertions bold and pernicious, and as he had frequently uttered them to public audiences in Liberty and vicinity, I deemed it proper to see that the slanderous imputations cast upon deism be made good, or slander be fixed upon Bro. Hull and all others who utter the same imputations. Therefore I asked Bro. Hull to affirm the following:

Prop. 1. The Jehovah of the Jewish Scriptures is a wicked, base, ignorant, malicious spirit of a dead man.

Prop. 2. The Jewish Scriptures teach a false and pernicious philosophy, morality, history and science.

The debate to be governed by the rules of courtesy, and by the rules of the Harmonical School. The discussion to take place any time after January 1st, 1872, if the citizens of Liberty desire it, and will compensate the disputants."

As to the "old" proposition, which is as follows:

PROPOSITION.—Resolved, That the teachings of Modern Spiritualism are better calculated to elevate humanity, mentally, morally, and spiritually, than those of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures.

MOSES HULL, Affirmant.

W. F. PARKER, Respondent.

Bro. Hull thinks I "probably would not consent to go into another discussion unless forced by outside pressure."

If Bro. Hull enjoys his victory at Liberty, I desire to make him happy several times more, over the "old" proposition. I will meet him on that proposition at ten different cities during the coming year, if he desires it. He may choose the points—where we shall be confronted for debate, etc., as it could not be right to confer to him in kind of what he has done, and brotherly feelings for Bro. Hull and yourself, I am, etc.

W. F. PARKER.
Wanecoon, Ohio, Oct. 9th, 1871.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Letter from A. N. Blackley.

BROTHER JONES: Having witnessed the great physical demonstrations of spirits, through the mediumship of Harry Bastian, and, as many here have been trying to define him through the press as an impostor, and having attended several of his seances at Mrs. Read's, 157 Sixth Avenue, New York, I feel it my duty to state a few facts which may serve the cause of truth, and vindicate an honest and true man; and if any dispute the phenomena to be actually caused by the spirits disembodied, let them explain, account for, and do the same things themselves, and thus demonstrate their cause to be other than the spiritual; and if they cannot do this, let them own their error.

The facts are these: The audience was invited to sit and unite him, and at any time to examine the ropes and the state of affairs. When the room was first darkened his hands and feet were placed upon his knees, and he was fast to a wooden chair in which he was sitting. Light—examined by four to six men; all fast and firm. Dark—bells were rung and thrown around, trumpet speaking, music, etc.; names were called, compliments passed, etc. Light—right and left, and Harry Bastian, who had been the expiring lamp of life in his old father. With all the editorial puffing, in five years, unless the author blows hard, it will lie out. When a man like me, or Falmestock tells a person like Henry T. Child that there is no truth in his statement, he ought, and I hope he is prepared to hear plain language of whom all Spiritualists are so much afraid. Bro. Falmestock to be a very good man, anxious to spread the truth. I have found two persons with good minds that affirm that we are both right. I have been trying to get persons asleep by his plan—it doesn't work; and yet, with H. T. Child and Falmestock, I have long sought the exercise of plain power to keep off the phobias, etc., and the aid to recovery by the will power exciting hope, and other organs making them throw through the system the magnetism secreted by that organ and others. In manipulating magnetically I excite hope, firmness, etc. This all good, and I am not a materialist, and I am much from absorbing the diseased magnetism of patients—came near losing my life once or twice—and patients draw strength from me, and are sensible of it. I make it a rule to prove my confidence in my subject by writing short articles.

Letter from J. Tinney.

BROTHER JONES: As our last communication probably shamed the fate of your office, the following is a brief abstract of its contents. It is simply a continuation of former efforts to induce Spiritualists to examine the base upon which they are building, and see its rottenness, a life principle dragging around a dead and putrid carcass. This they have as persistently refused to do as did ancient professors to look through Galileo's telescope, or modern orthodoxy to examine the claims of Spiritualism. It is not enough that the entire history of the past is one continued scene of discord, strife and desolation; of high resolves and ruined hopes, produced by this worse than infernal belief; or must the future suffer the same consequences from the same cause? To avoid this, a new departure upon an entire new base, becomes an absolute necessity, and instead of a supreme invisible being that produced all things visible, and is independent of them, except as tools through which to exercise his power, a universal being of whom all things visible are constituted parts, will take the front and lead in the future.

Again we say a universal being in which the sexes are equally represented, and made one by interchange, must take the place so long usurped by belief in a supreme invisible being, and a universal being of whom all things visible are constituted parts. A change of base from the supreme to the universal, has been the end and aim of our feeble efforts for the last fifteen years, and to these efforts we are well aware we have been prompted by intelligence entirely above our comprehension. In our present condition, as it has been such an enigma to us as it may have been to those who have tried to teach us, why we were so persistent in that which subjected us to the sneers of those by whom we had formerly been petted, but that enigma is now solved to our satisfaction, and to the livable friends who assisted in the solution, we tender our grateful acknowledgments.
Westfield, N. Y., Nov. 1871.

GHOSTS IN INDIANA.

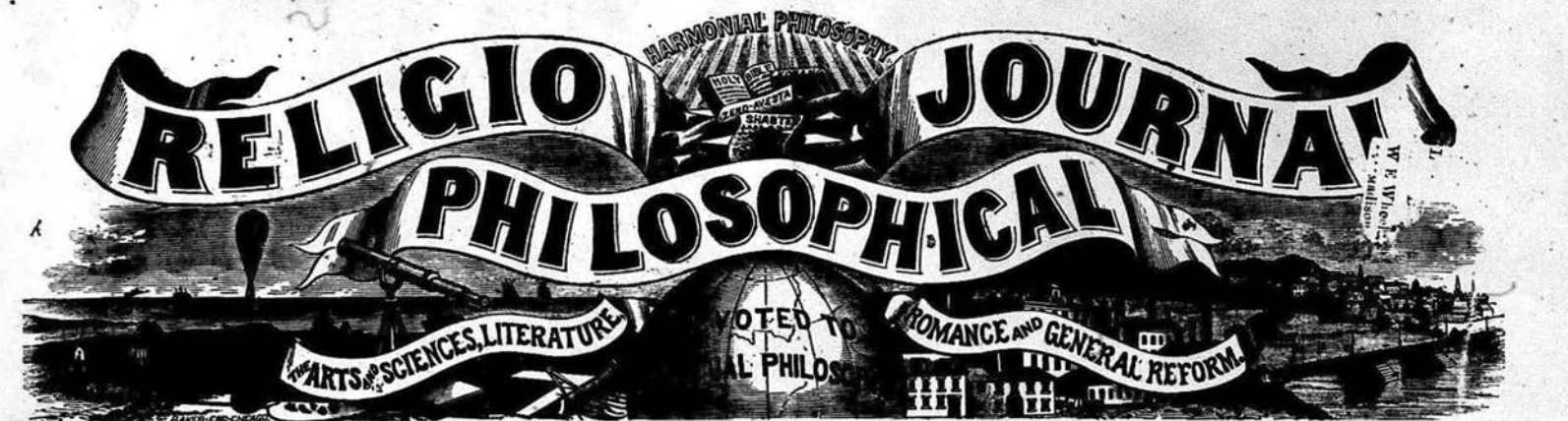
Strange Freaks of a Dead Peddler.

Indiana has long been the home of sensations in crime and divorce, but the following story, published by the New Albany Standard, surpasses anything yet reported from there, and seems like a return to the days of the Rochester knockings!

From a letter from a friend at the little town of Haron, on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, we learn the particulars of some very singular spiritual manifestations. Our correspondent states that some fifteen or twenty years ago a peddler was in the habit of passing through that country, selling notions, who drove a two-horse team. That one night about nine o'clock, he passed the house of a Mr. Rubuck who lives some miles east of Harrisonville, on the Bryantville road, going towards the former place. This was the last that was ever seen or heard of him. The fact of his being missed and failing to make his regular visits created some talk in that neighborhood at the time, but soon died away, and the peddler was forgotten.

On this road, about one or two miles from White River, and some two and a half miles from Harrisonville, is a very rough hill, on which the road runs, and on the top, on the southwest side of the road, is an open field, long since abandoned. Near this field, and right by the side of the road, stands an old tree. Some three weeks ago Mr. Rubuck was passing along this road, on his way home from Harrisonville, at about 11 o'clock at night. The night was quite dark, and it was with considerable difficulty that he could keep in the road, or prevent his horse from stumbling over the stones that obstructed the highway. Finally, however, he reached the top of the hill, and when about twenty rods from the tree he heard a noise over in the old waste-field above described, which he took to be two dogs engaged in a desperate fight. Their growling, barking, snapping and scratching was fearful. It was apparently the most sanguinary dog fight he had ever heard. At the moment it created little or no surprise. He only wondered that two dogs should be at that time of night so distant from any human habitation (for there are no houses within a mile of this field, engaged in such a desperate encounter. On second thought, however, he concluded that they had been out on a sheep-hunting expedition, and having accidentally met there got into the fight.

He did not long to consider upon this, however, for he was clanking of chains attracted his attention in another direction, and looking toward the tree, to his astonishment he beheld large broken links of what appeared to be a boat chain, red hot, falling around the tree, sizzling and seething. There seemed to be at least twenty of these links falling at the same time, and continued to fall about twenty minutes when Mr. Rubuck was startled almost out of his wits by a heavy groan, which seemed to come from the earth beneath him. Strange as it may appear, up to this time his horse had not manifested the least uneasiness, and Mr. Rubuck himself had not been in the least connected with what he had seen or heard but what could be accounted for upon a rational theory. The falling of red-hot chains, he admits, he thought a little extraordinary, but had concluded within his own mind to revisit the spot the next morning and gather some of the links, he did not think the meteor that had fallen from the sky in that peculiar shape. At the groan his horse reared and curveted, plunged forward and started to run. Now came the most trying time to Mr. Rubuck's nerves, for, in front of him, and in the air, a plunging, rattling noise of a runaway team coming toward him, and the noise manifested every indication that their course would be directly over him. He tried to rein his horse out of the course it was taking, but his efforts were to no purpose. On, on came the frightened team, on, on toward a plunging, rattling noise of a runaway team coming toward him, and the noise manifested every indication that their course would be directly over him. He tried to rein his horse out of the course it was taking, but his efforts were to no purpose. 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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 9, 1871. VOL. XI.—NO. 12.

How Henry Ward Beecher is Appalled by Spirits at Plymouth Church.

From the New York Herald.

We publish below an "interview" which brings prominently before the public one of the most interesting manifestations of "psychic force" which has ever appeared to the credulity of intelligent men and women. It is as well, however, to say at the outset that this conversation has been reported by a firm believer in the possibility of spiritual action upon tables and chairs. But while we do not, however, commit ourselves in any way to vouching for the absence of conscious or unconscious collusion on the part of the persons who are honored with seats at the "middle reporter's table" in Father Beecher's church, we do claim for this narrative that need of careful attention which justly belongs to the faithful and serious statement of an eye witness who intends to simply speak the truth.

The facts of the case are very plain. Sunday after Sunday, last summer, a table standing immediately under the little desk from which weekly announced the gospel according to Beecher, showed unequivocal symptoms of being thrilled by the fervid oratory of the "Young Men's Apostle." As every one knows, who has attended Plymouth Church, the preacher and the audience usually settle down to serious business at about the middle of the "pre-sermon" prayer. It is Mr. Beecher's custom at this point of the service to "let himself out" with that grand earnestness which is the chief secret of his success as an orator, and after a few sentences of passionate rhetoric the congregation then willingly abandon themselves to the magic spell of that wonderful message of divine love and universal brotherhood, and the nobleness of duty and grandeur of usefulness, a due heed to which Mr. Beecher rightly declares to form our only hope of conquering this hard, practical world into a millennial paradise. At times, indeed, the audience seem enraptured; they sit motionless as the men in that eastern tale who had been turned into stone by the wand of a wicked magician. It was at this juncture that the "middle reporter's table," which is one of the most conspicuous objects in the church, the table began to move and to fro, slowly at first, and then faster, with weird, tremulous, sliding motion that stirred the souls of those who looked on with human awe. As "amen" closed the invocation to the Deity for wisdom to know the right and strength to hold fast to it the dumb furniture, which thus betrayed the sympathetic energy of the dead with these grand aspirations of the living, tipped up and down, so violently, indeed, as to throw the pencils of the scribes on the floor. Through the sermon the manifestations were even more marked. These things, wonderful as they are, occurred not once, or twice, but many times. They were only stayed by the dispersal of this set of reporters to other tables.

Yielding to a mistaken fear of Mrs. Grundy a vigorous effort has been made to hush up these interesting and instructive illustrations of an unexplored force of nature. We are assured by an eye witness that there was no possible concert among the reporters to move the table, and that its gambols continued, in a more demonstrative form than before, after every human being near it had drawn back their chairs several feet from it. These movements, also, which at times assumed an almost satirical earnestness, curiously corresponded with the outbreak of the current of Beecher theology. Whenever the preacher made an effective peroration he thrilled the table as well as his hearers, while in seasons of merely ordinary interest the table had a scarcely perceptible motion. Let but the tidings of these marvelous phenomena be widely circulated and we shall have in the future a host of the comparative forces and earnestness of the clergy. A pine table will be universally accepted as the gauge of their oratorical merits. To move a piece of furniture an inch twelve times to and fro in the minute, may be rated at the value of so many degrees on the thermometer of good usefulness. We shall, indeed, be able to compare the effective evangelical strength of modern apostles with the same ease and exactitude with which we can now determine their height and weight. Verily, the world, like John Brown's soul, goes marching along.

Truth bears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

subject? If I tell you precisely what I have seen, in the plainest English at my command, you will only elevate your eyebrow superiorly and say that I am the victim of hallucination. No! I'd rather be excused from playing the victim. It is not pleasant to talk of mysteries to persons who think they have measured and weighed the universe, have sounded all depths and pierced all heights, and who have at last come to think, with superb self-complacency, that what they do not know does not, therefore, exist.

"Nonsense! A man cannot help himself!"

"No, a man cannot help himself, but he can have, or ought to have, a vague idea that there is something in heaven and earth wider than his little philosophy."

"But to the point. What have you seen?"

"Seen? I have seen enough to make Spiritualists of every man and woman in the city of New York if I could make them believe that my story was true and that I was sane."

"And do you believe that spirits communicate with persons on the earth?"

"I believe it most emphatically. Why not? We are all 'spirits.' Just now we happen to be tenants of a physical body. Those whom we call spirits have moved out of the body, but does that necessitate any great removal or change? We know absolutely nothing of physiological laws, and yet we come down with our flat 'impossible' at everything that is beyond the limit of our narrow vision. A man of any philosophy, or even with a decent degree of humanity and common sense, would investigate instead of ridiculing. Ridicule is the cheapest weapon in the world, but its wooden blade does little damage, while the keen, two-edged truth cuts its slow but certain way."

"Then you think there is no humbug about Spiritualism?"

"On the contrary, I think there is an immense amount of humbug. We don't live in a world where truth comes out like a diamond or a rose, clear cut and perfect. The diamond must be sought for in discouraging masses of rubbish; the rose must come from the dirt. In physical things this truth is recognized, but in spiritual only the eyes animated by faith, only the children in heart and the seers in soul can see the seed of truth in the bristling bough of falsehood."

"Well, what have you seen? I promise a degree of familiarity such as I can command."

"I have had a friendly hand put confidentially in mine when it was impossible that it could be a human hand."

"I can't believe that."

"Of course not. I have—but it is useless to go on. I will only tell you what I have seen at Plymouth Church."

"Yes; there have been some involuntary scenes there for a few weeks past, and the developments have been interesting in the extreme, for the reason that there was not the slightest chance for collusion or cheating. No sane person could possibly desire to get up an excitement surrounded by a serious circle of sober Congregationalist deacons and directors under Mr. Beecher's nose."

"Go on; this is getting interesting."

"You know there are three reporters' tables standing against Mr. Beecher's platform. The middle table, directly in line with Mr. Beecher, is an innocent-looking affair of pine, stained to imitate black walnut. Some four or five weeks previous to Mr. Beecher's summer vacation I noticed an unusual commotion in the little circle of reporters, and as I had been seated by the altar, I went over to see what was going on. Mr. Beecher was in the middle of his long pre-sermon prayer. As he uttered the words, 'Let the whole earth learn the power of love such as brought Christ to earth to die for men,' the table moved slowly and deliberately toward one of the ladies, and pushed so violently against her arm that she was obliged to move back. Then it moved as deliberately to the lady opposite. You should have seen the faces of the reporters. They had evidently seen table-tipping before, but were not prepared for a seizure in front of the immense congregation of Plymouth Church. Their eyes said plainly, 'What shall we do if this table keeps moving?' But keep moving it did, back and forth, with a slow, monotonous slide, till the prayer was finished, and then it gave three emphatic tips by way of 'amen.' 'Undoubtedly somebody up stairs endorses Beecher,' said I to myself, my eye still on the table. Then the hymn was given out. It was about adverse winds, and cares, and troubles; but each stanza closed with this line:

"As my day my strength shall be."

When that line was sung the table tipped so that the pencils lying upon it rolled to the floor, and the reporters, who had evidently forgotten that they were in a church, started up in a little involuntary start and a look of horror that to a looker-on was irresistibly comic. They controlled themselves perfectly, however, and took their paper upon hymn books in their laps and began to write. Meaning to do their best, they spoke of the timidity of society in its prisons and all its disciplinary machinery, and declared that self-sacrificing love alone could regenerate the world. The table seemed alive. At the very points where a radical reformer would have wished to applaud, the table would push with great force one of the reporters and travel to the opposite one, as if to say, 'That's so; that's the truth.' That the table was not touched by even the reporter's raiment

Animals Perceiving Spiritual Phenomena.

Those who deem incredible certain details of the interruption which befell Balaam during his unwilling journey to meet the King of Moab, may find, in modern incidents, cause for belief that there might have been an important truth underlying the story.

I think it the more important to allude some of these incidents because, if sufficiently authenticated, they set at rest the vague theories touching "expectant attention" and "dominant ideas," that have been propounded to explain away, as arguments of the brain, all perceptions of spiritual appearances. First let us examine one which occurred in Holland.

WHAT BEVEL A SWISS OFFICER.

I take the following from a well-known English work on Sleep, by Dr. Binns. The author gives it on the authority of Lord Stanhope, who had it directly from the gentlemen to whom the incident occurred. Mr. C. de Steiguer, a nephew of the celebrated Avoyer de Steiguer, of Bern. That gentleman, in relating it to Lord Stanhope, said: "I do not believe in apparitions, but there is something very extraordinary in the subject; and I would not relate what I am about to mention if many persons, some of whom are now alive, could not bear witness."

Lord Stanhope then proceeds to give "as nearly as possible an exact translation of the original French of (Monsieur de Steiguer) used." Here it is:

"I was early in life in the Dutch service, and had occupied my lodgings, for some weeks, without hearing anything remarkable. My bedroom had, on one side of it, my sitting room; on the other, a room in which my servant slept; and it communicated with each of them by a door."

"One night, being in bed but not asleep, I heard a noise as if some person was walking in slippers, up and down the room. The noise continued for some time."

"Next morning I asked my servant if he had heard anything. 'Nothing,' he replied, 'except that you walked up and down the room last night; when it was late.' I assured him that I had not done so; and, as he appeared incredulous, I told him that, if I should again hear the sounds I would let him know."

"On the following night I called him, desiring him to bring a candle and to take notice if he saw anything. He informed me that he did not; but that he heard a noise as if some person were approaching him, and then moving off in a contrary direction."

"I had three animals in my room; a dog, a cat, and a canary-bird; each of which was affected in a peculiar manner, whenever the noise was heard. The dog immediately jumped into my bed and lay close to me, trembling as if from fear. The cat followed the noise with her eyes, and as she saw, or attempted to see, what caused it. The canary bird which was sleeping on its perch, instantly awoke, and fluttered about the cage in great perturbation."

"Occasionally a noise was heard as if the keys of the piano in my sitting room were slightly for and, and as if the key of the piano was turned and the desk opened; but nothing moved. I mentioned these things to the officers of my regiment, all of whom, slept by turns on the sofa in my sitting room, and heard the same sounds."

M. de Steiguer had the floor and skirting-board taken up, but could find not even a trace of rats or mice.

After a time he became unwell; and, his illness increasing, he sent for a physician who urgently advised him to change his lodgings, though he would give no reason for this advice. Finally M. de Steiguer had himself removed.

He stated further to Lord Stanhope, that when he became convalescent and insisted on knowing why the doctor had so strongly urged him to leave his rooms, the latter informed him "that they had a bad reputation, that one man had hung himself in them, and that it was supposed another had been murdered."

This narrative bears the stamp of authenticity. We cannot believe that Lord Stanhope would have allowed Dr. Binns to use his name and that of his Swiss friend, in attestation of such a story, without a deep conviction of its truth.

The witness appears to have been a cool-headed and dispassionate observer; but let us suppose him nervous and imaginative. Did his servant share his temperament? Were the senses of all the officers whom he called in, as additional witnesses, misled by the excitement of expectation? Let us concede these extreme improbabilities. Another difficulty remains. Was the dog, was the cat, was the canary-bird nervously expectant? Were their senses deceived by "dominant ideas?"

As regards the most sagacious of domestic animals, what has been usually called popular superstition has assigned to it an occasional power beyond men's spiritual perceptions. Species of premonition in certain cases of approaching death. I do not venture to affirm that dogs ever have such a power; yet I know of one strongly-attested case which goes to prove that sometimes they have an instinct which greatly resembles it.

WHAT PRECEDED A CHILD'S UNEXPECTED DEATH.

For thirty years past I have been well acquainted with Mrs. —, daughter of the late Rev. —, long and favorably known in London. Her parents, named Haas, were living in Woodstock, Virginia, when her mother, after Mr. —, was twenty years old and still unmarried. Miss Haas had a brother, two years old, and the child had a favorite dog, which was his constant companion and seemed to take a special interest in him. The circumstances connected with this child's sudden death, Mrs. L.—had often heard repeated by her mother.

It was about mid-day that this boy running over the parlor floor, tripped his foot in the carpet and fell. His sister picked him up and soon succeeded in soothing him. At dinner, however, it was observed that he gave himself land, not being able to stretch out his right. They rubbed the right arm with camphor and the child made no complaint. While they were at dinner, the dog approached the child's chair and began to whine in the most piteous way. They put him out, then he howled. They drove him off, but he returned and took his post under the window of the room in which the child was, continuing to howl from time to time; and there he remained during the night, in spite of all attempts to dislodge him. In the evening the child was taken seriously ill, and died about one o'clock in the morning. So long as I lived the dog's dismal lament was heard, at brief intervals; but as soon as the child died, the howling ceased, and was not resumed either then or afterwards.

I have entire confidence in Mrs. D.—'s truthfulness, and it was by her that the above story was related to me.

This, however, is the only example of the kind that has come to me directly authenticated; and I refrain from building on a single case. After then or afterwards, the most pleasant sentiment; but I think there is sufficient proof that they have spiritual perceptions. In a former work I have incidentally brought up some evidence of this; and I esteem myself fortunate in being able here to present from an accredited medical source, one of the best-attested and most circumstantially related incidents in proof, that I ever remember to have seen. It is the more valuable because medical writers as a class—like other scientific men—are ever reluctant to admit anything that savors of the supernatural.

The story appeared three years before the advent of Spiritualism in America, in one of the best-known Medical Journals of Scotland. It occurs in a review of a work on Sleep, then just published. The reviewer touches on the subject of apparitions and, after noticing several cases which he thinks of easy solution, thus proceeds:

"The following case, however, is one of those very rare ones, whose explanation baffles the philosophic inquirer. It is, indeed, almost the only authentic one to which we could refer, and as it occurred to a person of pleasant and every circumstance was minutely investigated at the time, the narrative is as authentic as such things can be. It may add to the interest of this case to state that it was communicated several years ago to Mr. Hibbert, after the publication of the work on apparitions, when he confessed that he could not explain it in the same philosophic way in which he had been able to account for all others, and that it appeared to him more nearly to approach the supernatural."

The story, thus strongly vouched for, is then given by the reviewer, as follows, the title only added by me:

THE DOG IN THE WOLFPRIDGE WOOD.

"F. M. S.—was passing through the Wolf-ridge wood at Alverston, one night at twelve o'clock. He was accompanied by his dog, of a breed between the Newfoundland and mastiff; a powerful animal, who feared neither man or beast. He had a fowling-piece and a

pair of pistols loaded, besides his sword; for he belonged to the Military School there, and had been out for a day's shooting.

"The road ran centrally through the wood; and very nearly in the centre of the wood, at a point somewhat more open than the rest, there was a cross erected to point out the spot where a gamekeeper had been murdered. The place had the reputation of being haunted, and the ghost, it was said, had been repeatedly seen. S.—had frequently passed this cross in the wood without seeing anything, and treated the story of the ghost so lightly that he had on more occasions than one, for a bet, gone there at midnight and returned without meeting anything except an occasional gamekeeper or poacher."

"This night, when he approached the open space in the wood, he thought he perceived at the other end of that space, the form of a man, more indistinct, however, than usual. He called his dog to his side (for previously it had been ranging about, barking furiously and giving chase to the game it started), patted it on the head to make it keep a sharp look-out, and cocked his gun. The dog, on this, was all impatience. S.—challenged the figure, but no answer was returned. Suspecting it was a poacher and prepared for an encounter, he directed the dog's attention to the appearance, and the animal answered by growling. He then kept his eyes steadily fixed on the figure; when, instantaneously it glided within arm's length of him. Still he looked steadily in its face while it kept its eyes on his. It had approached him without noise or rustling. The face was ill-defined, but distinctly visible. He could not turn his eyes from those of this apparition; they fascinated, as if it were, 'so the spot; he had no power in his frame. He felt no fear of bodily injury, only a certain, indescribable sense of awe. So fascinated were his eyes by those of the figure, that he did not observe its dress, nor even its form. It looked calmly and with a mild aspect, for a space of time which he does not think exceeded a half a minute; then suddenly became invisible. The form had flitted before him about five minutes altogether."

"The dog which before this was so furious and growling, now stood crouched, 'at his feet as if in a trance—his jaws fell, his limbs quivering, and his whole frame quivered as if with a cold sweat. After the form disappeared, S.—touched the animal; then spoke to it without its seeming to recognize him; and it was some time before it appeared to recover its senses. The dog then lay down, but never moved from his spot; but kept it on his feet; nor, on their way home did it run after game, or take notice if game started near it."

"It was a fortnight before it recovered from the fright; and it was never afterward the same lively animal. No consideration could ever again induce the dog to enter the wood after nightfall, nor could it allow any of the family to enter it. When it was forced to pass by the open spot in daylight, it would only do so with its master, and it always exhibited signs of fear, trembling all the time and walking silently by his side."

"S.—has frequently since passed this spot in the wood at the midnight hour, but has never again seen the figure. Before this occurrence he had always treated with ridicule his stories about ghosts or spirits; now, he firmly believes in both."

The reviewer does not hesitate to express the opinion that the appearance witnessed by his friend was the result of supernatural agency."

This, published in a Medical Journal of old standing and established reputation, three years before the term Spiritualism in its modern acception had been heard of—is certainly a very remarkable admission.

The incident here related caused a complete revolution of opinion in the witness. From being an entire skeptic in apparitions and in spirits, he became through the evidence of his senses, a believer in both. But to have faith in 'spirits and their appearance is to have faith in the reality of another life.

Could he, rationally, withhold belief? Is not one such incident, unmistakably evidenced as complete proof of a future phase of existence as a *Psychicist*? And even if S.—had been willing as some men have been, to give the lie to his own senses, rather than believe that the denizens of the next world sometimes return to this, was there not a dumb witness remaining to bear testimony, by his changed character and unaccountable errors, against such stiff-necked and illogical unwilling?

Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal for 1845; vol. lvi. pp. 106-7.

The reviewer's remarks are as follows:

"This is almost the only recorded case known to us where the evidence is so strong as to leave no other impression on the mind than the belief in the existence of a supernatural agency, and after having vainly endeavored to explain it on any other supposition, we found ourselves forced to conclude that there were more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

We should all have our flowers of time, bright spots in our life to-day, and if possible, brighter moments in expectation for the morrow. We must toil, and toil incessantly. That, we cannot be shirked, avoided, or passed by; it stands sentinel at our very bedside, and speaks to us even in the land of dreams. But our toils, tapestried with merry minutes, sweet smiles, cheerful music, eventful episodes, fair flowers, and frolicsome faces—if we add these enjoyable trifles, and we can if we will, no passing moments will not be the pleasure for them, and also for the playful little time gone by, and the anticipation of pleasanter hours to come.

Let a man never so ungrateful or inhuman, he shall never destroy the satisfaction of having done a good office.—Seneca.

THE INTERVIEW.

It came to the knowledge recently of the *Herald* that the "spirits" had been playing their fantastic tricks before a crowded congregation at Plymouth Church, and animated by no other motive than a desire to get at the real facts of the phenomena, a *Herald* reporter was requested to interview one of the privileged members of the ghostly circle on the unrecorded and reliable behavior of a table in Plymouth Church, that, until it was lately surrounded by male and female members of the press, as behaved itself with a propriety that was in character with its location.

"Do you believe in Spiritualism?" asked the unyielding, matter-of-fact, *Herald* reporter of the impressionable and susceptible Spiritualistic spectator.

"Spiritualism! Do I believe in Spiritualism? Well, I've seen some evidence that's pretty hard to get over. That is to say, I have seen some very strange manifestations—call it electricity, magnetism, spiritual communications, or whatever you please."

"Come, now, what have you seen?"

"What's the use of wasting my breath on this

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1871.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

Divine Judgment—The Fire at Peshtigo.
(NUMBER LXIV.)

When the Savior was called upon to pass judgment against one who had erred, he wisely said, "Let him who is without sin, cast the first stone." To-day, different divines in all parts of the United States, looking at the disaster here, have pronounced judgment against the people of Chicago, calling them very wicked, and the affliction that has befallen them, a just one. How was it in regard to the marine disasters that followed so quickly after the fire? No sooner had the angry flames become assuaged here, than a terrific wind and storm on the lakes caused the destruction of nearly a hundred vessels and schooners. The loss of life was appalling! The mad, angry waves, the fierce wind, and driving storms, proved nearly as destructive to human life as the Fire Fiend. During the past few weeks, God has been very much displeased with his people, judging from the loss of life and property. "Divine judgment,"—what is it? In nearly every church, in the land, that term has been frequently uttered by those who claim to be the viceregents of God, interpreting the nature of his laws and the character of his works. It is an expression which has become so common of late when a disaster occurs that its nature requires a critical and careful examination. Was "Divine judgment" manifested in Chicago—Wisconsin and Michigan? In Peshtigo, Wis., a scene occurred, for a time equally as appalling as any witnessed in this city. According to the New York Tribune's correspondent, "wherever a building seemed to resist the fire, there the roof would be sent whirling in the air, breaking into clouds of flame as it fell. The shower of sparks, cinders, and hot sand fell in continuous and prodigious force, and did quite as much in killing the people as the first terrific sirocco that succeeded the fire. The wretched throng neek deep in the water, and the still more helpless beings stretched on the heated sands, were pierced and blistered by those burning particles. They seemed like lancets of red-hot steel, penetrating the thickest covering. The evidence now remains to attest the incredible force of the slenderest pencils of daring flame. Hard iron-wood plow-handles still remain, perforated as though by minnie-balls, and for the main part unburnt. When the hapless dwellers in the remote streets, saw themselves cut off from the river groups broke in all directions in a wild panic of fright and terror. A few took refuge in a cleared field bordering on the town. Here, flat upon the ground, with faces pressed in the sand, the helpless sufferers lay and roared. But few survived the dreadful agony. The next day revealed a picture exceeding in horror any battle-field. Mothers with children huddled closely lay in rigid groups, the clothes burned off and the poor flesh, seared to a crisp. One mother, solicitous only for her babe, embraces her unutterable love in the terrible picture left on those scaped sands. With her bare fingers she had scraped out a pass as the soldiers did before Petersburg, and pressing the little one into this, she put her own body above it as a shield, and when the daylight came, both were dead—the little baby, face unscarred, but the mother burnt almost to cinders. Long after the flames had died out, when there was no more to feed on, the hot sands rendered moving about an exquisite torture, and long into the dismal midday the survivors were confined to the narrow circuit near the river. As the day wore on, help came in slowly from the northward. Several railroad gangs had escaped annihilation, and one gang led by an ex-prize-fighter named Mulligan, came with promptness and efficiency to the rescue, through miles of burning prairie and blockaded roads. On Sunday night something over two thousand people were assembled within the confines of this industrious, prosperous city; the dreadful morning light came

upon a haggard, maniacal multitude of less than seven hundred. When the work of rescue began it was found that a great number had escaped by the bed of the river and the northern road to the port, and as the day advanced, half-naked stragglers, unkempt and blackened, began to stream into the sparse settlement. As the molten sands cooled off, the woe of work of recognition began. Peering into blackened faces, mothers, fathers, brothers tremblingly sought out missing ones.

There was one man by the name of Hanson, who firmly believed that the judgment day had come, and while the fire rained down, he began to walk composedly up and down his spacious parlors, and he and his family were consumed.

This fire at Peshtigo was indeed terrific. True, the town was small, containing a population of only two thousand, yet the destruction of human life was appalling. The same ministers of the Gospel, whose consideration "divine judgment," will point their fingers at this settlement as an example of the just action of a vindictive God. Really, this manifestation on his part is of a character calculated to excite our fears, and admonishes us that it would be well for us to endeavor by some means to propitiate his wrath, and place ourselves in such relations to him as will prevent the recurrence of these terrible calamities.

In ancient times religious men ascribed all the evil in the world to the Devil. When Job was afflicted with boils, his property destroyed, cattle killed, and he made desolate, the Devil was regarded as the guilty party, but now when any calamity befalls a people, when a sad disaster occurs, God himself is deemed the guilty one. If he has any children, any righteous ones on this earth, that belongs exclusively to him, it would be well to have them arrested, and held as hostages to prevent the recurrence of similar misfortunes to our city. How would Brother Moody or the Rev. Fowler, who claim to be as near God as any one, answer as hostages to prevent fires and such dreadful calamities as have lately visited our country. The idea is a funny one, and some ingenious Yankee should render it practicable. To-day, if we should go on a pleasure excursion on the Sabbath, eat too much and in consequence become severely sick, and die, all our religious friends would claim it as the result of the divine judgment of God. So accustomed have they become to this idea, that any accident that may occur on Sunday, they instantly ascribe it to God's wrath. Up to the present day, though an infidel, and if that is wrong, a good subject for God's wrath, yet it has never been manifested toward us. We can stand under a tree, and the very heavens may be illuminated with electric flashes, and it may be shivered into a million fragments, without inflicting any injury on us. We may be on a train of cars, as we were a short time ago, and it may run off the track, yet we escape without a blemish. We may be in the fiercest tornado, as we were once when the house we were in was carried completely off its foundation, and yet no harm befall us. We may be near an engine when it bursts, yet no fragments will hurt us. When a mule or a horse kicks at us, they always manage to just miss us. We have been in the hands of blood thirsty villains during the early Kansas trouble, and during the war the prisoner of guerrillas who were intending to kill us, yet we never received a scratch. It is exceedingly strange that a little of this "divine judgment" is not centered on those who are so infidel in nature and teachings. Had we been standing on the steamer Westfield, a ferry boat on the Hudson, exactly over the boiler, we are confident that some strange circumstance would have saved us. That boiler exploded on Sunday, and the divines of New York regarded it as the result of Divine displeasure; but there was the worn-out boiler of the Starbuck which exploded on a week day. If that had happened to have burst on Sunday, too, the evidence would have been overwhelming that God's anger was aroused. Then again, here is the Chicago Times and Tribune, that issue a paper on Sunday, contrary to the divine will of Collier, Moody & Co.,—they have suffered badly, but are now making more money than ever. Storey is a godless man, in the common acceptance of the term, while the piety of the Tribune proprietors would be regarded, quaintly speaking, as religious *debris*. Having persisted in their acts of wickedness, publishing a paper on the Sabbath, have they suffered from the displeasure of a vindictive God? We presume that Storey had rather suffer from the displeasure of him than receive a cowering from the hand of some indignant female.

Then again, in all our large cities the Sabbath day by some is regarded as a holiday. Supposing those who have tolled during the week, laboring zealously to gain a livelihood, had been on some ill-fated steamer on the Sabbath enjoying a social reunion, and the boiler should burst, then all Christendom would cry out, "Divine judgment!" But on that steamer are innocent children, whose hearts know no guile, who are as pure as the angels of heaven. What a scene! Can't God discriminate? Is he too angry to separate the innocent from the guilty, or is his wrath like the angry stream, that inundating the country, drowns all alike? The Sabbath to some is a holiday, and that minister who says that accidents occurring then are the result of a Divine displeasure, is a poor, illiterate, miserable, bigoted man! The main error at Peshtigo, Wis., was on Sunday! Could not God have chosen some other day to commit that wholesale murder, as well? But the fire was not all—the tornado was terrific. A thousand fends could not have howled worse! The noise was deafening!

Ministers of the Gospel are regarded as very wise. They study the Bible and learn therefrom the religious chemistry of life. They can analyze a tornado, conflagration, steam-boiler explosion, or an epidemic, and tell its component parts with the same certainty that a chemist can tell the component parts of a sandwich or limburger cheese. If a little boy is playing on the Sabbath day, steps on an orange peel that has been thrown from a whiskey cocktail by some licentious saloon keeper, and is fatally injured thereby,—it presents a clear case of Divine displeasure on the part of God, who causes epidemics, tornadoes, and all the ills to which humanity are subject.

of development of thought, under favorable conditions ever have, can now, and do communicate to mortals, and that some of those communications are as void of good sense and sound philosophy as the teachings of theologians are upon this plane of life.

Hence in discussing the questions under consideration, we shall divest ourselves of all authority, be the same found in so-called "sacred" or "profane writings," the declarations of mortals or immortals, if they do not comport with our highest conceptions of reason.

We feel in dealing with this great subject that nothing should be received as a simple *maquette* in the minds of superficial thinkers. But everything should comport and tally with science and sound philosophy—truth.

The terrible calamities which befall humanity, and more especially those of a more recent date, which come so near home, and to the appreciation of mature minds of the present generation should make a deep impression, and inspire everyone to inquire into the authorship—the object to be attained, and seek an answer to the question, is there a compensation for the terrible sufferings incident thereto.

It is our wish rather to awaken the minds of our readers so that they may through their own reasoning powers anticipate our argument, by quickening their own thoughts upon the subject, than to lead them in our own particular channel.

Every being is possessed of similar capabilities for investigation, in degree, depending however much upon the development of their reasoning faculties. Our philosophy teaches us that there is no subject too sacred for our most acute perceptive and reflective faculties—that it is wise and profitable to scan and question every subject that concerns our welfare now and in the future. That our own individuality is involved in everything that the mind can conceive of. We are parts of the great whole, and if we would have the little niches which we as individuals occupy, brilliant with light and knowledge, we must exercise our own minds to produce such illumination.

All things material are but aids or helps to refining and illuminate our own minds—and all conditions that are not made available to the development of mind in ourselves or others, are misappropriated, and at the time of our departure from the material plane of life, will be found to be as dross and a source of sorrow.

In other words, we shall regret the misappropriation of valuable means for the elevation of self, and others in the scale of mental development.

Hence we say that every soul should with fervency and zeal, which is a guaranty of success, enter upon the investigation of the great subject under consideration, that a profit may be derived, if possible, from the seemingly greatest calamities that befall mortals.

Hereafter we hope to present thoughts upon the subject worthy of being carried into practical use, in making unvarying elements obedient agents.

Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

For the last four years we have had a specific fund entitled as above.

The object of this fund is to enable all who desire to do so, to aid a class of people to read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, who are unable to subscribe and pay for the same.

The appeal of that class to the proprietor of this paper has never been made in vain. About one per cent. of the expense of free subscriptions has been paid out of that fund; the balance has been borne by the publisher.

All widows, orphans, and aged people who desire to read this paper but feel too poor to pay for it, on request, will have it sent to them marked F. W. O., which means free, and charged to the Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

Since the fire several kind-hearted people have donated small sums to aid us in buying a new outfit. The money is very timely, and we most sincerely thank the donors for the same. Money is hard to be got at this time, "every dollar counts," but as we have often said before, notwithstanding we found ourselves greatly embarrassed by the terrible destruction of property on which our insurance is of little or no value, given to one-half more than our good brother, Dr. Child, mentioned in the second miniature JOURNAL we issued since the fire, yet we wholly disclaim being an object of charity.

All sums donated to us will be passed over to the credit of the above-named fund, and those who make such donations are respectfully requested to name the persons to whom they would like to have the JOURNAL sent free, to the full amount of their respective donations, and it shall be done.

If in any case parties making such donations shall fail to mention to whom the paper shall be sent free, we shall apply their money for the first applicants.

Received and placed to the credit of the Widow's and Orphan's Fund:
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John Meacham, Battle Creek, Mich.,..... 2.00
Daniel Bessall, Salem, O.,..... 5.00
Wm. H. Evans, Carversville, Pa.,..... 25.00
Mrs. L. H. Perkins, Kansas City, Mo.,..... 5.00
Dr. E. E. Perkins, Kansas City, Mo.,..... 5.00
Wm. Denton, Boston, Mass.,..... 6.50
M. Larkin, Milford Mills, Pa., credited in our last to the Quaker,..... 5.00
L. Weston, Leeper, Wis.,..... 2.00
Levi Weston,..... 1.00
John Kuehn, York, Pa.,..... 10.00
Hon. Robert Dale Owen, 30 copies "Debatable Land,"..... 50

As new departures are now the order of the day, we hope Liberal Christians will soon depart from the popular errors of the deity of the Bible.

Our task in the future, in discussing the question under consideration, will be more agreeable. While we most emphatically announce to our readers that we have no belief that there is a single word contained in the so-called "Holy Bible" that is any more the word of God than there is in the writings of any other author, contained in any other book, be it of ancient or modern times, yet we do believe that many truths are to be found in that book, corresponding with truths as developed daily in spiritual circles, showing clearly that what is called Modern Spiritualism has existed in fact, as spirit communion with mortals, in all ages of the world. That spirits of all grades

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Spirit Paintings.

We have received six large spirit paintings from the spirit room of Br. Potts, in Harrisburg, Pa. Four of them purport to be portraits of individuals as they looked while in the form, and two of them are landscape paintings. We value them very highly from the fact that we have reliable evidence that they were executed entirely by spirits without the intervention of human hands in any manner whatever. The paper on which they appear was purchased at the stationers and carried to the spirit room, so called, at Bro. Potts' house, and then left, the door of the room being locked and no one allowed to enter it until the spirits announced through young Mr. Potts, the medium, that the work was done.

We refrain from giving details in regard to the paintings, hoping Bro. Potts, senior will favor us with an article giving the particulars in regard to the execution of each painting, and what the spirits said about the same.

Our Quaker Friend.

Bro. M. Larkin, of Milford Mills, writing 11 Mo. 27th, 1871, in answer to our call for his name and postoffice address says in conclusion:

"The trifling I sent is given most freely, and I do not expect any return. I pardon thee for calling me Quaker. I use the Quaker dialect out of respect to my kind parents who brought me up to this doctrine. They taught me the best they knew, and I owe them an eternal debt of gratitude for all their kindness; but for the last fifteen years I feel proud of being called a Spiritualist before 'all the world and the rest of mankind.'"

REMARKS.—An angel at our elbow says: "I, too, was brought up a Quaker; I stemmed the current of opposition from my family 'when I became a Spiritualist; but now my 'dear father is a most devoted Spiritualist, and 'it was through me as a medium that he 'became convinced of the truth of spirit communion.'"

Our brother will, we know, accept the gratitude of the Widows and Orphans, whose hearts will be cheered by the reading of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL through his bounty.—ED. JOURNAL.

C. C. Davis & Co.

Bro. C. C. Davis, of La Salle, Ills., not only manufactures the very finest shoe and harness blacking in the world (handed by Bunell, Upham & McLaughlin, 99 East Kinzie Street, Chicago), but he is a prompt and fearless advocate of Spiritualism, whose example in that particular is worthy of imitation.

He, well knowing that the stock he had furnished us the year before was burned if not pervasively used, has remembered us again, and sent by express a fine lot for everyday's use. He has our thanks, and we hope dealers and consumers will call for Davis' Blacking when in want of a supply. We sometimes think that if all used Davis' Blacking we should have no occasion to put any body in the Black List.

Take Notice.

The figures on the JOURNALS sent since the fire signify nothing. They are cut from old mail lists six months old. It is customary to occasionally lay away at our home in St. Charles, a mail list, to keep from destruction in case our office should be burned. These now come in use in mailing so far as names are concerned, but not so far as the account is concerned.

When our new mail list is set up every one's account will be made right. Until then, it is to be presumed all money sent has been received.

Star Lecture Course.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the acknowledged representative of the Woman's Rights Party, will deliver a lecture on next Monday evening, December 9, at the Michigan Avenue Free Library, room 23d st. We feel confident that the simple announcement of her name will be sufficient to fill the house to repletion. Admission 50 cents; reserved seats 75 cents. The last lecture of the course will be delivered by Mark Twain, on Monday, Dec. 10th.

Wm. Denton.

Bro. Wm. Denton donates to this Publishing House six copies of "Radical Rhymes." Price \$1.25 per copy, \$7.50, which we place to the credit of the Widow's and Orphan's Fund. This gratuity will furnish the JOURNAL to six widows or orphans for five months each.

We hope to receive many orders for Bro. Denton's books. He is certainly one of the very best writers in the Spiritualist ranks.

The Debatable Land.

Just as we go to press we are in receipt of one hundred copies of this remarkable work—this number we shall send off to-day (Wednesday), and before the close of the week shall receive enough to fill all orders on hand and coming in.

The following statement is made by J. L. Scott, of Murfreesboro', Herford Co., N. C.: "About three years since, a man by the name of Nathan Beale, who was certainly killed at the seven days fight about Richmond, appeared before me. I saw him about three days after he was killed, saw him buried, and saw the woman Beale by a musket ball, in the left side, the ball passing through. This I swear to as an absolute fact; and now I tell what his appearance was to me and several others, and to which I will also take oath. About three years since, at Franklin Depot, on the Seaboard road, I, John Scott, W. E. Beale, cousin to deceased, and A. Gardiner, of Southampton County, Va., did then and there see and I speak to the same Nathan Beale, and when we saw him I said, 'Is not this Nathan Beale?' and he replied, 'I am, I said, 'Where have you been?' He answered, 'I am dead,' and then I replied, 'Where are you going?' He said, 'That is for me to know.' These were the words spoken. He walked off. I have not seen him since. This can be sworn to by several above men. Now I leave to the world and Spiritualists to answer what was, what is, and what does it mean? Strange as this story may appear to those who may read, yet I am willing, and so are the others, to take oath to the above facts before any honorable magistrate. I hereby sign my name, and acknowledge myself as a truthful, believing, and sincere man, with no disposition to deceive or impose upon a reading public. The deceased and myself were boys together, and I now conclude by solemnly swearing to the above facts."

Items of Interest.

—R. W. Flint answers sealed letters. See advertisement.

—The "Temple," by A. J. Davis, is meeting with a large sale.

—Dr. A. D. Severance, of Milwaukee, is a fine psychometrist. See his advertisement.

—The essence of the Dance Children take place on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings.

—"Looking Beyond," by J. O. Barrett, opens the clouds and gives one a view of the Spirit World.

—A rising poet, of somewhat ardent temperament thus describes a few of the performances of Dame Nature:

—Mrs. Mattie Hulet Parry lectures on Sunday next at the hall, cor. of Jefferson and Randolph streets at 3 P. M.

—I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man.—Thomas Jefferson.

—Mrs. F. O. Rizer, ever true to the interests of Spiritualism, one of our most gifted inspirational speakers, is at present stopping in Baltimore.

—Quite agree with St. Paul, said the converted Hindu widow Wisha, on the eve of her espousals,—"It is better to marry than to burn."

—D. W. Hall will speak in Providence, R. I., during December. He would be glad to make engagements to lecture any evening during the week.

—We shall publish in our next an article from the pen of Dr. J. K. Bailey, on "That Departure." Also one from Hudson Tuttle, on the same subject.

—We had the pleasure of a call this week from that indefatigable worker and eminent healer, Dumont C. Dake, M. D., who is now located at Rockford, Ill.

—Dr. R. R. Roberts, who has been practicing successfully as a healer in Utah, has returned to Little Rock, Ark., where he intends to heal by spirit magnetism.

—The "Science of Evil," by Joel Moody, published early last spring, has excited much comment and criticism. It is highly esteemed by many of our best thinkers.

—John Billings knows "lots of folks who are pious just because they were born so. They can't tell when they get religion, and if they should lose it they wouldn't know it."

—D. D. Home, the Spiritualist, was married on the 17th of October to the youngest daughter of the late Hon. Basil de Gommeine, Counselor of State to the Emperor of Brazil.

—Dr. J. K. Bailey is lecturing around the country doing a large business. He has lately held forth at Rockford and Saratoga, Minn., and at Salem and Eau Claire, Wis. He is now at Augusta, Wis.

—Zion's Herald says that every minister should preach often on "Satan." We presume it is necessary to keep the minds of the people illuminated in regard to this gentleman when the more you think of the less you think of the Spiritualists.

—The Catholic population of America is estimated at 5,000,000, with 4,000 priests, worshipping in 4,500 churches, and 1,700 chapels and stations. Although so numerous, their number is only one-half as large as that of the Spiritualists.

—Dr. William Persons, the celebrated healer by laying on of hands, has returned to St. Louis; and although not advertising, nor soliciting patients, has nearly his whole time taken up—cases who are sent by those he has previously treated.

—Dr. H. P. Arnold will speak in Newton Falls, O., the two first Sundays in December, and in Ancora, N. J., the two last Sundays in December. Would like to make engagements for January, February, and March. Address Ancora, N. J.

—Richer says: Like a morning dew, life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the more of everything becomes clear. What has puzzled us before seems now mysterious, and the crooked paths look straighter as we approach the end.

—Bro. A. Casenden, writing from Louisville, Ky., says: Bro. Foster is here, waking up the dry bones of old glory. Meister Hall will see 1,000 people, and it is well filled every Sunday evening, for people will as yet go under cover of the night, as if by stealth, to get a taste of the truth of life.

—A victim of Greek's handiworkings: "If Horace had written that inscription on the tomb in Babylon, he shazzer would have been a good deal more scared than he was." The probability would have been in such an event that Daniel would have interpreted the message to have meant something in reference to agriculture.

—Marriage is like a brilliant taper's light. Placed at a window in a summer's night. Attracting all the lovers of the air. To come and sing their pretty waltzes there: Those who are out hunt heads behind the pane—Those who are in hunt to get again.

—Mrs. M. P. Stephens, of Sacramento, Cal., informs us that the spirits are at work there producing some wonderful manifestations. Mrs. Waterhouse has, under spirit influence, drawn some very beautiful emblematic pictures; and Mr. Brily, a photographer, has succeeded in taking some well-defined likenesses of deceased friends.

—Dr. McLeod, who has been court physician to Queen Victoria for thirteen years, declares, "officially and professionally," that the reports currently circulated respecting the Queen's mental weakness are "unquestionably false." Her conversion to Spiritualism should be of itself sufficient evidence that she is sane, without consulting any "court physician."

—Are you looking for some beautiful and appropriate holiday presents? If so, let us suggest "Poems of Progress," "Lizzie Doten's new work," or that old favorite, "Poems from the Inner Life," by the same author; and there is "The Voice," by our friend Barlow, from which there is nothing finer in its way. Can furnish them all in gift if preferred.

—Bro. C. W. Thorpe, writing from Little Prairie, sends \$10.00 to renew his subscription for the JOURNAL, for three years and a half from next July. Says he is just without the paper. Such favors will long be remembered. We all aid us in this way do just what we most desire. We ask our friends to follow this noble precedent, where they can do so without too great sacrifice.

—Mrs. Emma Harding will lecture during December at Milford, Mass., Manchester, N. H., and Portland, Me.; during January, at Salem, Mass., and February, in Portland; March, in Providence, R. I.; April, in Boston. For week evenings and other Sabbath addresses, care of Mr. Thos. Ranney, 201 Washington street, Boston, Mass. All engagements must be made near Boston or New York this season.

—Mrs. Adèle L. Ballou has commenced a libel suit against the *Terre Haute Herald*. She complains that this paper defamed her character by a publication concerning a lecture she delivered in Chicago. Mrs. Ballou's character is without a blemish. The mass of Spiritualists hold this lady in high estimation, and any statement that the *Gazette* might make against her would have no weight with them.

—"Life," says Orville Dewey, "is the education of the soul, the discipline of the conscience, the purification of one's growing knowledge, improvement of one's life, and triumph. In this view, and in this view only, it is an unspeakable blessing; and those who have not yet taken this view are not yet prepared to live. It is not enough to say, as is commonly said, that they are not prepared to die; they are not prepared to live."

—She next made woman, so the story goes, With an improved material and art: Gave her a form, the choicest one of those That make man's beauty, and in her heart A power to soften man, and force the rose Into his blushing cheek to his soft cheek impart. Then cloaked the robe of life, and with the chips, She went to work and finished off her lips.

—The Chicago Baptists, counting in funded debts by losses by fire, estimate their misfortune by the late conflagration at \$229,000. They now appeal to the denomination throughout the country for one hundred thousand dollars. We do not want to see the Baptist Society "go down." It believes in the free use of water, that induces personal cleanliness, at least once during the natural life, hence the society, possessing really one virtue, should redouble at once the \$100,000.

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CITED, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Re-incarnation, etc.

A friend asks a series of questions, which we shall attempt to answer:

1st.—Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?

2nd.—Is soul and spirit one thing?

3rd.—When a man dies, does the soul pass into the spirit world immediately?

4th.—Do you believe the soul has always existed as a form, latent and inactive, until called into life by an omnipotent fiat, or is it an elimination from the crude material, coming up through the vegetable and animal kingdoms?

First, then, of the transmigration or re-incarnation. This is a profound question—a problem involving some of the most important relations of life.

If you mean the absolute displacement of a soul and the continued and progressive development of its body by another soul, we do not believe it. Our experience and observation in cases of obsession, lead to the conclusion that a spirit may temporarily assume entire possession of an individual body, and that under certain circumstances, they may have so much influence as to control the action of that body; but if the connection of the original spirit be entirely severed, we believe that life can not long be maintained in the physical form. In those cases of obsession resulting in insanity, which have been continued for years, there have always been lucid intervals in which the original spirit would regain the control.

A soul which has once been engendered in a physical body, however temporary may have been its sojourn, has passed thus far on its journey through physical life, and we believe, can never again commence or repeat its connection with the physical body so as to repeat those experiences.

We are aware that souls that pass prematurely out of the body, as all do, to a greater or less extent, find the means of completing their education and gaining the necessary experiences on the physical plane, by coming into rapport with human beings, who are about where they were when they left the form; but we consider the closest rapport to be very different from re-incarnation, in which the soul is not a partner with the original soul, but has absolute control of the body.

Second question.—Is soul and spirit one thing?

One of the great difficulties of science, especially of mental science, is the want of proper and well-defined terms by which to express our ideas in relation to certain conditions.

Some writers have chosen to call the entire being of man after death, the soul; others, and we think the larger number, call the being spirit. We have adopted this, and we understand a human spirit, after death, to be a true being, just as man is here, having a soul which is the most interior essence, the divine central spark which has in itself an immortality of identity that essentially distinguishes it from anything else; a mental nature, corresponding to that which we have here, although capable, in its new conditions, of higher and grander flights than it can possibly experience in the earthly world; and, thirdly, we have a spiritual physical body, which is a counterpart of the earthly physical body when it first passes from it, so that physical defects that have marred the latter are for a time visible in the former. But this also has the capacity to be unfolded into far more subtle and spiritual conditions under the influence of the knowledge which is obtained in the interior.

To the third question whether the soul or spirit passes immediately into the spirit world at death, we reply, yes. Literally speaking, a spirit is always in the spirit world, can not be anywhere else. We know that spirits are not all conscious of the change at once. Many will deny it positively. There are those who firmly believe that the physical and mental powers are the same that they had exercised here. They can not realize any change at death, and will deny this for a long time. There are those whose souls matured here have so long tarried beneath the dark magnetism of crime that they can not perceive anything for a long time after they pass into spirit life. Those whose spirituality is not unfolded on earth are not "changed in the twinkling of an eye," neither are any others by the change we call death.

These dark spirits are around us, many of them seeing human beings only, and not other spirits; are impeding our aid and instruction, and it has ever been the province of the good and the true of earth to preach to these "spirits in prison," because they are more accessible to them than they are to spirits.

The Catholic idea of a purgatory is true. It is the place where all undeveloped spirits must go; and it is not the priest alone who can pray for and help them, but every good man and woman whose sympathies and aspirations go forth for the redemption of the human race, and who would aid them on their journey toward that home in the Father's house where they may know more of Him and His holy angels, and thus come forth out of the bonds of sin and iniquity, with the glorious liberty of the children of God.

To the fourth question we reply that we reason from analogy, and believe that the soul has always existed, not as a latent germ, but in such a state as to have, at present, no consciousness of what it was.

The idea of a soul being eliminated from crude matter is not according to any analogy which we can see in nature. It seems much more rational to suppose that the material forms are the result of the soul of things, each expression being peculiar to the soul which calls it into existence.

Some have supposed that the same soul that begins as an expression of force in the granite rock, and which may be said to be the soul of the rock, is capable of being unfolded into the higher forms of the germs of plants and animals, and lastly, of human beings.

We believe God, the Infinite, gives expression infinitely in all the forms of the material universe: from atoms invisible to worlds careering through space; all are speaking of the harmony of the Infinite. After the granite rock has done its best work, and produced the soil, this inferior soil of things finds the means of giving higher expression in the forms of plants and animals, and lastly in the human form. Man's form, however, the result of the combination of all the forces, is but a soil, so to speak, in which the immortal soul can work its mission on earth, and learn what it needs to know of material things, and the laws which govern and regulate them. We think these human bodies are made human by the central soul, which finds in them the appropriate place and means of working and building up what we see around us.

There is a circle of the divine force working up through matter in the evolution of various forms until they reach man, and then coming forth in the form of a soul to use these materials in forming a body and closing up the circle.

We know that the material elements and surroundings modify all the forms, just as the architect in constructing a building is limited by the materials he can command.

We know that the materials would never build a house without the aid of the architect. So, also, of the physical body. The materials may modify it, but they never could construct it. The soul uses them for its purpose for a time, and then, having no longer a use for them, lays them aside to work with increased powers in the interior upon more refined and spiritual elements, but ever to work on as the same soul, conscious of no death.

Miscellaneous.

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ROSCRUICAN MUSINGS.

By F. B. DOWD.

And opening grave; two men digging therein by moonlight. My Roscruican friend stands with folded arms looking on. At the foot of the "rambling hills," upon one of which is the cemetery, lies the great city, now somnolent and in the shadows of the early evening. The rising moon casts gaunt, spectral images, from tree, house, or shrub, along the ground, which, looking across with each other as they sprang into existence, were a pall for the lovely face of nature, not unlike the pall which covers the face of the dead, who lie so still all around. A little lake in the center of the cemetery, in sight of the diggers and the diggings, lies like my friend's "magic mirror," black as ink with that pale resting upon its placid face. Here and there the moonbeams stole through the leafy branches of the forest which skirted the lake, and amid which stood the tall, marble of sleepers who in life spoke the same language which the (senseless marble) speaks to-night, i. e., I am better than you poor paupers who sleepshowered, without a shroud, and without make their rest more placid, or to warn unallured feet to tread softly, or to be a sign that those whose graves are so well marked, should rank first in the great resurrection, even as they ranked here on earth.

God lets his golden moonlight fall on the marble, and it looks more ghastly to me, and the shadows look tangible as I gaze, and many a form stands or wanders in the uncertain light. Little flecks of moonlight fall here and there upon the ground, or glimmer like gold on the still water, reminding me of the little good which adorns and embellishes the great shadowy evils of life.

It is an unusual thing to see men digging a grave at night, and so my friend questioned the digger.

"Why do you dig at night, my good friend?"

"Och! be jabbers, and its the likes of me that has to do many an errand these hard-ridden times, to kape longer from the five week chiller and Peggy at home," answered the most intelligent of the two, who were evidently Irishmen. "How'd on, Mike?" he added to his comrade, who commenced digging. "How'd on, Mike?" he asked again, and the moon will just put a spot for'nigh the head up in it in one minnit more, and you know," he added to my friend, "it is a bad omen for moonlight to fall unnoticed in an open grave, so we always come prepared to offer up suitable sacrifice to the god up the night."

As he spoke he removed from a bundle of rags laid by (which, by the way, was his coat), a junk bottle, and continued, "Now, misther, ye-seem to be a jintleman, and ef ye-se have no objections we'd jist invite ye-se to line in the ceremony." Amused by the novelty of this request, my friend readily acquiesced. "My name is Patrick O'Riley, but for short-er they calls me Pat; and this is Michael McQuinn, stranger, but they calls him Mike, as honest a soul as iver shoudered a hod up brick, or stuck spade in dirt. Now we are furmish ick other, and acquainted with each other, and for his majesty-so. Now that'll do. Watch the glimmer as it crapes along the ground like the pruste tells us the serpent did in the Garden up Eden, when he stole away the purity of Mother Eve, bad luck to his soul. Jist like the monster who shroued away the joy and light of the poor man's soul, and will be here here tomorrow in this cursed howl-thin pauper's grave." (Pat was growing pathetic, and lest I spoil his fine sentiment with my bad Irish, I will give what he said in my own language mainly.) See, the glimmer is almost within the story, how'd your brother's wife leave her mother; some kindly hand hath plucked the light aside just as it would enter there." Here the Irishman fell on his knees and raised his hands high above his head, while he looked in dumb silence a moment toward the twinkling stars overhead, then solemnly, "belonging to his feet, he fairly danced for joy," he said. "The soul of the old man cannot sleep here in this narrow hole. No priest is needed to pass him out of purgatory. Don't you see how the moon refuses to shine in his grave? All is well for him, poor man!" "The good-bye, the good-bye," he said, "We drink this to the God of the broken hearts," then drank deeply and passed it to the others.

When all had drunk, he sat down upon the damp mold, while Mike worked away at the digging. Pat's soul was full, and he poured out its burden in the attentive ears of my friend.

"You see, stranger, Pat is a poor man, who toils early and late for bread, clothing, and shelter for the little ones whom God hath kindly given to his care. The winter swallows up all the earnings of his honest hands, and, do my best, the long winter evenings of find my heart cold and my children hungry. Stranger! do you ever have a little child—your flesh and blood—look in your face with his blue eyes full of tears—eyes wherein God loves to mirror his own smiles—ask you value for bread you could not give? Your look says no, but Pat has had this experience often, and that through no fault of his. For yonder beautiful city was built by me. My bent limbs and aching back reared its mansions, dug its cellars and sewers, and graded its streets; and that at prices which would ask you value for immediate wants. I was young once," he said, sadly, as he looked dreamily away toward the spires and domes of the city now glistening in the moonlight, "my strong limbs and willing, trusting, hopeful, buoyant nature was my capital. Demons then seduced me to idleness, and because I had no protection in law they robbed me of my capital, and grew fat and rich on my labor, while Pat has grown more ragged, abject, and hopeless as gray hairs are coming, and little children require his strength. True, Pat has a little money, but all he has he has toiled for, and he has toiled for the black bottle, which he mechanically passed to the others, and continued with a voice now husky, occasionally choked with emotions he vainly strove against, "but here is where the woe comes in. The rich build the shops which they license, and they license the shops on the policy, and if perchance they become drunk the police takes them home, or to good quarters, to be kindly cared for; but poor Pat is first employed to build the walls of yonder court house and jail, for which he is treated to his drams and half paid, and then to build a bit of a spree locked up there, or robbed of his children's bread to pay fines. Your Temperance Lodges are fine things in their way, but what does your cold-blooded, cold-hearted, calculating totalitarians know of the heart-aches and misery which seem to inhere in woe, impulsive natures (and these are mainly the poor) which Pat sometimes tries to drown momentarily in his drams? They know nothing! Society (and temperance people are generally the holy leaders thereof), is fighting effects of its own creation, as a child fights its shadow."

Here he paused and took another drink, adding in a slow, measured tone of voice, "This is to the memory of the dead whose last house we are building. He could not sleep here did we not drink deep in forgetfulness of the many woes

he suffered while living. I dig this grave, stranger, for the paltry sum of fifty cents. The undertaker has a contract with the city to bury its paupers, and strangers for which he is paid. He, by the way, is a temperance man; but he, knowing my necessities and the great scarcity of work, takes advantage of me, who, rather than see my children suffer, dig for him at his own price. Sir! who ever yet heard of a poor man fixing his own price on his labor? I at night so as not to spoil to-morrow's job, and this be thrown out of work for an indefinite period of time. Once upon a time Pat had worked all the week for the city, upon the streets. It was Saturday night; the overseer gave me a check on the city treasury for my pay, but the treasurer had gone home, and when I rang the bell at his mansion, he was 'not at home.' 'Not at home' sir! and my family had been on short allowance all the week, and were now absolutely destitute. 'I'll buy your check at a discount,' said one, who belongs to the Rev. Mr. Sabine's church. 'Discount' rings in my ears to this day, sir. What does that mean but lawful robbery? I had, by working nights, like this, sir, kept my family from suffering during the week. To borrow was out of the question, for when I tried, the poor, who were my true friends, had nothing for my pay, but these men, these men, and vultures, birds of prey which live upon dead and dying bodies—the power to take any advantage of necessity they can, and these brokers are generally in league with the city officials, who purposely absent themselves on pay-day, so as to make the poor broken and helpless, and to rob, and are always hanging around watching for prey, and ever ready to offer to discount any check, or advance money to assist (?) the poor who cannot wait till the next Monday for their hard earned money. The more one knows of poverty, and the greater the discount. Who dares to say this is not right when the law says it is not? Does not the law fix the standard of right?"

He asked this last question wildly and savagely, and springing to his feet, cursed society generally, and law-breakers and law-leaders in particular, most bitterly, and drank to his eternal woe from his bottle; while Mike, having ceased work, looked on in wide mouthed amazement; and my friend, though a stranger to fear, began to think he was in company with a half-crazed inebriate. Soon he sealed himself again and another outburst of feeling, but I cannot help it. If I alone were the sufferer I could endure it all, but it does seem to me that society owes a duty to my children, as well as to throw all the burden upon me. It does seem to me that it is in duty bound to see that I am not robbed of my only means of support, which is a just and fair compensation for my toil. Sir! those mansions are my hollow groans. Those iron fronts and marble walls are my solidified tears, which will one day burst asunder and bury their purple-roses in mine and your general ruin. Well, who sold my check, and weak and faint with the toils of the week, and disgusted with the aversion and greed of the 'kid glove fraternity,' who live without toil. I called in at a licensed grog shop and took a dram, in hopes to feel a little better in mind and body, and I drank and drank, and I drank and turned to go home when I was assailed by a fine-looking man, who suggested that he knew me, and that I looked weary, and politely asked me to take a drink with him. I assented, and after drinking he called for another, and I drank and drank, and I drank and I had enough, whereupon he fell into a rage, and being backed up by others 'kicked up a row,' and in the melee I found myself worsted and in the hands of the police, while the investigators escaped, with my week's work in their possession, for I had been robbed of my money, and I was taken to the lock-up, and on the next Monday sent to the work house for fourteen days, upon the evidence of the infernal policemen who stood by all the time and saw the whole transaction. Sir, these policemen many times are in league with cut-throat and villainous, who infect the air with their plaudits. Do you think, sir, that there was one question asked as to how my helpless family were to get through that terrible fourteen days? Think you the 'Young Men's Christian Association' were there to advance that fine and give a chance to work it out? Not at all. Were the temperance societies there to take poor Pat by the hand and help him then in his despair, thus proving to me that they really care for and love the weak and unfortunate? Not at all, sir. Not a minister of the Gospel sent a single follower of his own to comfort and cheer the hungry, clothe the naked, and bind up the broken hearts, was there. I knew, as I toiled for the city in prison, that my little ones were begging their bread or going without. A fellow prisoner, upon his discharge the day after I entered, reported my case, and that God love the 'mission' of the Young Men's Christian Association, who thereupon visited my wife with a bundle of tracts, prayers, and cants, and gave her an order on some grocery for a few things, enough perhaps to last three days, and never came again. That God love them for that! They are no noble acts of charity, but this is mainly what the unfortunate has some influential friend to interest himself; or when public attention may be, or is attracted, so as to crown them with public laurels of applause. Love of approbation and public applause does more for the alleviation of human suffering than all the preaching in the land. This public sentiment which rules and educates the world. But while it does this it is a god's mill, you know, which grinds fine and crushes and sifts human hearts like a mill does grain.

There was a dog; one last rite remained, that of consecration.

Wellsville, Mo.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Wm. B. Fahnestock to H. T. Child.

Night before last, I had a rare and interesting case, in that of a young lady, Miss C., who entered the stativolic condition for the relief of a neuralgic affection in her head. This case, among others, demonstrates the importance of having a thorough knowledge of the nature of the condition—and, as a detailed account may be interesting, I will give it as briefly as possible.

Miss C. entered the stativolic condition in instructions in about ten minutes—but soon became so much interested in looking, and visiting her friends, that she lost sight of meat together.

Her mind was so intensely fixed upon her friends, that she did not even hear me, although I made many ineffectual efforts to draw her attention. She spoke rapidly, (seemingly as if to herself) making remarks about those she saw, and paying no attention whatever to what I said. She was perfectly insensible, and every sense was deeply in the state.

Such cases have occurred to persons who

were ignorant of the nature of the condition, and, consequently, were unable to awaken them when it became necessary to do so.

Under such circumstances they become alarmed, which only makes the matter worse, in consequence of communicating the same feelings to the subject, through their clear-minded powers.

The alarm spreading, physicians are next called in—but as they are generally as ignorant of the true nature of the condition as those who were instrumental in bringing it about—they can do nothing—but, not wishing to appear ignorant, they often blindly resort to measures which are as unnecessary as they are ineffectual.

A true knowledge of the condition teaches that the only proper way to treat such cases, is to draw their attention by some means, and if that cannot be done by talking to them—some one who has been in the condition before, must enter the state, and direct them to hear you.

I was obliged to resort to this method in the case of the young lady above referred to—and as there was a lady then present who had been in the state frequently before—the difficulty was soon overcome. Being aware of the fact, that when persons are in the condition, they hear and see each other, I took advantage of this knowledge, and as soon as the lady entered the condition and spoke to her, she was seen and heard by Miss C., and being then directed by the lady to hear me, she did so at once, and I then had no difficulty in directing her mind so as to relieve her head-ache, and to reach to any part of her body into the state at will.

I will here only add, that in case a one can be had to enter the state, so as to direct them to hear, etc., the best plan is to await their waking, which, in a longer or shorter period will always take place.

Under such circumstances, also, the mind cannot be directed so as to have a beneficial effect upon their disease, but under proper instructions, this may be accomplished at another sitting.

This case also proves that the idea of a power in the operator is as false as the existence of an animal energetic fluid in nature. The sooner, therefore, that these fallacies are discarded by an intelligent community, the sooner will the benefits to be derived from a knowledge of this condition be appreciated and properly applied.

Lancaster, Penn., Oct. 23, 1871.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

OUR CIRCLE.

By Mrs. M. E. B.

We walk along the pavement, exchanging a good morning or good evening with some friend almost certainly. We attend a social gathering, and almost every face seems familiar. We think our circle of acquaintances very large, comprising about as many as we have time or ability to take into our hearts. We are, perhaps, the center of that circle. We feel that we occupy an important place in the world. We give our opinions as though they were decisions. We look down upon many not so wealthy, or cultivated, or good as ourselves. We forget humility, till suddenly our eyes are opened, and we find that our circle after all is a small one. Some do not seem to learn it this side of the "valley of the shadow." Perhaps they learn it to their sorrow on the other!

Not long since we started out to call upon the strangers in our church. The walk to this and that home seemed very long. Many a face was unfamiliar. Hundreds of new little houses we had never seen before, and baby faces that made our feet tremble as we walked. We were fully occupied after all. The persons whom we did not know seemed legion. We found some plainer homes than ours, some mothers who worked harder than we. Our sympathies grew broader, and our circle beautifully less. We bethought ourselves of the duty outside their circle; of the prominent business men who, mingling every day in trade, seem to be strangers to none, yet there are thousands in the mills, the shops and on the farms who never have the benefit of their cultivation or their encouragement.

We live too much in this way; we become cramped in ideas and acts. In a city of a hundred thousand we may know three thousand persons, and what is that among a million, and that among twenty millions. Mr. C. may have printed all his money into a new score, and yet never be known outside his own town. Aristocracy and democracy converge till they are one seen from a distance. The little plinths which one and another have built for their exalted names into a place of some great name, and thus they are one seen from a distance. We are very much like children who wear white aprons while somebody wears colored. We forget, after we are older, and we think we wear the aprons still!

Our circle may be a wealthy one. We may have no callers but those arrayed in purple and fine linen. We may have no beds but those of down and we may have no carpets but Brussels. We may have ease, and pleasure, and contentment. We may grasp no penance hand. Outside this charmed sphere lives a great mass of human beings, struggling for food, and for more food and floors that have no carpets. They are the other side of life. They have groups of little children, who bring large love and large self-sacrifice. They look upon beautiful laws and conservatories; they love beauty and culture, and they are poor. They are the cheer and hope that wealth can give. The rich need to go out into plain homes and sorrowing firesides. They learn gratitude from their own blessings; they learn that the great world is poor, that the few only have money. They learn to be contented. They realize the great truth which helps to bestow. They get beyond our circle and are the better and richer for it.

Our circle may be intellectual and refined. We are too fastidious to eat and drink with the ignorant, and too conversant with the poor to be their manners are not after our liking. They annoy our nice ears by bad grammar. They err in judgment. They cannot rise above every-day life. We are obliged to stop and explain our classical allusions. We do not care to talk of what we shall eat, or what we shall drink, or whether we shall be able to afford the amiable qualities of our daughters and our prospects, and our acquisitions. If individual enjoyment were the great end of our being, we should probably all have been refined and cultivated. We need to mingle with the unlearned, that we may know how to communicate as well as to receive. A man may be an intellectual gourmand as well as a physical one. The highest selfishness is shown in the person who spends years to accumulate knowledge,

and goes to his grave having made the world no wiser for his stay in it. By having our fine senses jarred, we become more like the cultivated. "When we are truly cultivated in soul as well as in mind, we are not annoyed by blunders or ignorance," says a distinguished writer. Pedantry may annoy; unfortunately lack of education never.

Those who laugh at mistakes, who are ill at ease in the society of common people, who are in nine cases out of ten, if put in the same circumstances, make another figure. True greatness seldom knows it—never shows it.

Our circle may be moral, even Christian, we may love prayer and its kindred works. We may do charitable deeds. We may have the companionship of the best, and fear contamination with others. We may sit apart in our path and think none right but ours. Said a good man to us the other day, when we told him we hardly cared what denomination we joined ourselves with, "I cannot help but think you are in error. There is but one church, Christ founded it, belonged to it, the Disciple Church." Another just as stoutly affirmed that Jesus was a Congregationalist, and although we love and belong to this church, we think we are no nearer or dearer to Him than others that love Him called by His name.

Our circle drunkards and an inhumanity may not be so much named. Anything that offends the most refined, may not have been heard in it. Saloons for us may have no temptations. Gilded mansions of sin look like burning volcanoes beside the quiet flight of our own homes. We see no reason that they should be. We see no reason to labor among the low and the destitute. They won't learn to be provident; they love their filth and poverty. They have been reared in it, and the great corrupt masses are in its broad way toward death. The little children are looking upon the wine cup while it is red; the girls are learning sin before they see the beautiful niches in God's universe for women; there they are not white enough to fill them. Profanity, vulgarity and their companions are despoiling human nature, and the moral and respectable few do not want to touch them. Alas! who will touch them?

We do not know their heart aches and temptations. We should grow compassionate and larger hearted if we stepped out into this great sea of humanity. We should learn not to be above our fellows. If travel abroad enlarges shorts, how necessary to count from our cocoon seclusion, and grow grand and liberal at home.

We are too apt to sneer at all reforms that are new and untried. Possibly some other brain is as clear as our own. Possibly these people are in contact with us, and are growing. Persons who have made a circle for their own thinking and acting and are open to no change of views are the worst of all to live with. They virtually say, the Lord and I arranged these matters and you may be sure it is all right.

Our circle dwarfs intellect, dwarfs all our higher emotions. The great world broadens our views, opens our sympathies, makes us "see ourselves as others see," small and unimportant, and makes us liberal lovers of its Maker.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE CELESTIAL SPHERES.

By D. G. Mosher.

NUMBER I.

The subject treated under the head of "Celestial Spheres," was fully impressed on my mind about the year 1859, and I wrote out as well as I could, the substance thereof; and after some urgent pleading, I obtained consent for their publication in a spiritual paper, entitled "The Truth Seeker," as the production of a "sacred" brain; and doubtless the paper would have been read with interest, and yielding, on my part, to the influence of "Law Order" spirit, yet notwithstanding these drawbacks I have ever, from that time to this, been firmly impressed with the truthfulness of the principles therein set forth; and that the time was not distant when others, more competent than I, would receive the same in recognition of these ultra ideas, which in due time would be brought within the realm of popular thought, and their merits would be duly appreciated. Thus I have patiently and dutifully waited for the appointed time in which I might be instrumental in the promulgation of the principles, that in many respects, must change the popular tide in the direction of a better mode of development and reform.

I am highly gratified to learn that the "golden harvest" is fast approaching, and laborers are in considerable number already in the field. Dr. M. L. Sherman, through whom the "Hollow Globe" theory was dictated, Prof. Wm. F. Lyon, the writer of that wonderful book entitled "The World's Applier and Reconciler," and Dr. Francis, the author of "A Spheroid After God," are among the most bold and efficient laborers in effecting the great radical change necessary to the unfoldment of the millennial plan of the second spiritual dispensation.

In a private letter, Professor Lyon, in reference to answers to questions propounded by a Mr. C. Russell in the Religio-Philosophical Journal, of June 10th, says:

We perceive clearly that flesh and blood hath not revealed these things unto you.

Also in a private letter from M. L. Sherman, M.D., through whom Prof. Lyon received instructions in regard to the "Hollow Globe":

With regard to your article in the Religio-Philosophical Journal, of June 8th, I consider it in exact accordance with the teaching of the Bible, as by my spirit hand, who are at present dictating for another book, to be written by Prof. Lyon. The same ideas were revealed to me throughout the teachings of the "Hollow Globe." You are wonderfully impersonal, and I am cordially grasping your warm hand, and affixing your progressive sentiments.

In presenting these ultra ideas, which to be fully understood by the reader that I make no profession as a writer or as a public speaker, as I am utterly incompetent as such, only as I have received in what to me seems to be "the impressionable language of the spheres," wonderful words, and am impressed to present them in my own unlearned way as best I can for it is to the unlearned that these truths are to be revealed; and in the nature of things are withheld from the wise.

Being encouraged as above, I have been induced to re-write the long "Hollow Globe" in order to adapt more fully the ultra ideas therein intended to be conveyed to the more progressed condition of the progressive element.

2d. That each individualized intelligence, or each form, is an aggregation of an infinite number of forms, and degrees of forms, each of which occupies a position adapted to its condition in the scale of development, and is accordingly instrumental in the organization, construction and development of the forms of which it is but an infinitesimal part, and that each of these infinitesimal parts, or forms, is likewise an aggregation of an innumerable variety of forms and degrees of forms, each of which is a microcosm of the "stupendous whole."

3d. That each physical form, whether organized or unorganized, is dependent for its existence, as such form, upon a more refined pervading form or counterpart, and that this last is also dependent upon a still more refined pervading counterpart for life-action and existence as an organized form; thus onward infinitely—each outer or grosser form being successively cast off, and each in its place, being subject to the same laws of mortality as is the physical form.

4th. That motion or action of substances is in every respect dependent upon its contact with other substance in motion—motion which is said to be caused by attraction of gravitation; is no exception to this rule. The inertia of matter cannot be overcome by any other possible means than by contact with substance of some degree in motion.

5th. That the sum of all forms and degrees of forms in existence are but one grand inconceivable ocean of divine intelligence or essence; the grossest matter in existence being in every respect no other than this divine essence as viewed infinitesimally.

6th. That the germs of all life-forms have ever existed and have ever been subject to progressive evolution, and that the mortality the same as the forms of our degree.

7th. That no God exists that is not progressive in every respect like human forms. Celestial is here used in a general sense, meaning all forms of matter more refined than what is termed physical.

Mosherville, Mich.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HEALING.

By J. Mosher, M.D.

We are induced to write a few thoughts on the philosophy of healing diseases by the laying on of hands, because several of your correspondents who have written to us, ask us to give anything but a clear, scientific explanation of the phenomenon. That diseases have been cured in past ages by this means alone, is so well supported by historic evidence, that to doubt it would be equivalent to discarding every other fact on historic evidence alone; but to those who have written to us, we would say, our day, would be equivalent to doubting the evidences of our senses. We take it, then, as an admitted fact, that grave diseases are eradicated from the system by simply laying hands upon the sick person. The idea that it is a miraculous cure, and that these magnetic performances are wholly out of the question in our day, for we know positively that no effort can be produced without an adequate cause, and that all cussions are governed by immutable law.

True students of nature, it then becomes our duty to discover the law by which such grand results are attained, and so make it of universal application for the cure of all diseases. It is a fact that the properties of matter are changed in passing through living organisms, and that the properties of matter, which all matter is refined. Magnetism is matter, and undergoes the same change by passing through living organisms as any other matter does. That which passes through the pores of glass is finer than that used for telegraphing. Few persons are in exactly equal magnetic equilibrium, and as constantly give it out after assimilation, but that which we give forth is, of course, finer than the unassimilated, and is called animal magnetism. Now, all persons are magnets, and when in health, the magnetism is in perfect equilibrium, and the entire system, but a disturbed equilibrium thereof, is the first cause of disease. In local inflammation we first have a loss of vitality or magnetism, which is the same thing in the blood-vessels of the part, which is followed by hyperaemia, or engorgement; and consequently, the system, which is in equilibrium as the most favorable result, or in supuration, or mortification. Now, in the earlier stages of this difficulty, the kind of a strong, healthy person, laid upon the part affected for a short time, would restore the lost vitality. Few persons are in exactly equal magnetic states, but are either positive or negative to each other. When one who is positive comes in contact with one who is negative, the former will impart magnetism to the latter, as certainly as the positive pole of a battery will impart to the negative when a connection is made. This fact we can establish by causing a young, healthy child to habitually sleep with a very old person. The child will soon show evidence of lost vitality in its pale and sickly countenance, and if the experiment is continued, death from inanition will follow.

Thus, the natural law of growth and decay. This is not the nature of the law, but the power has been put in healing by the laying on of hands, but there can be no doubt that our spirit-friends can impart magnetism through us to the sick, as well as directly. Our own investigation of the subject also precludes the idea, that faith or belief, exercised by the sick, can cure directly or indirectly to do with the matter. Sometime ago we were called to see a little girl, four years old. She was affected by severe convulsions from a paroxysm of remittent fever. When we came into the room for the first time, we laid our right hands on her forehead and the laborer, and the child, the ankle, when the convulsions ceased instantaneously. Such a result was unlooked for by us so suddenly, but when we interrupted the contact, the convulsions as instantaneously returned. We tried it several times with the same result. We then continued the contact for twenty minutes, and the convulsions did not return, and the soon recovered. It certainly cannot be claimed that faith or belief had anything to do with the cure in this case, and it is demonstrated that our contact had. We have heard, in our experience, many similar results, though none where the effect was quite so instantaneous as in this. It usually requires several minutes to attain the same result, but we have always succeeded best in small children, who could not have exercised any faith, or believe in what was done for them.

After carefully studying the law of terrestrial magnetism, and then our relation to it, very many of the physiological as well as mental phenomena that are now obscure and perplexing, will become self-evident to the thinking mind. Human beings are the most advanced result of the creative energies of the universe, and yet they are as much under the control of her laws as the humblest organism that exists. We only fill our place, do our work, as all other beings do. If ours is higher, it is because they have finished the means by which a higher was made possible.

The Fire Test.

TRIED IN THE FIRE AND FOUND TRUE.

I entered the burning house, which was all in a blaze overhead, and fire falling through in every direction, so rapid had been its progress. My search was sharp and rapid, but he was not there. I ran back to where I had left my wife, supposing

They came, my pain left me, and more, they lifted from me the great weight of sorrow that weighed down my soul. They bid me look up, not down at those lifeless forms. They are not there in those charred and marred bodies; they have passed on, are now (resting in the Summer Land), above, and will be with you soon. They suffered not as you think, but in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the sound of the tornado's trumpet, they were born into the immortal life. Turn now to the living: there is your duty. Mourn not for those

—that I know our loved ones do return to us, and that men and women are prompted by these, our spirit friends, and theirs also, to help their brothers and sisters of the earth-life.

And now, dear brother, this is the way I have been led to your house, and made welcome by your family, as well as by many unseen angel friends. I can feel their presence, but can not always see them.

LITERARY NOTICES

"Wine-making in California." Interestingly rectifies the early difficulties encountered in the cultivation of the grape, while "A day up the Canon" forcibly reminds one of the broody, out-door sketches for which this periodical is so noted. In "Motherhood" and "Plurality of Wives," we find the truth upon these subjects brought out in a vivid and impressive manner, which is, to say the least, highly commendable. It has its stories too good ("Californian") as usual, under the titles of "La Teyoro," "The Lost Treasure of Montezuma," and "Kiwiwi." Its "Etc."

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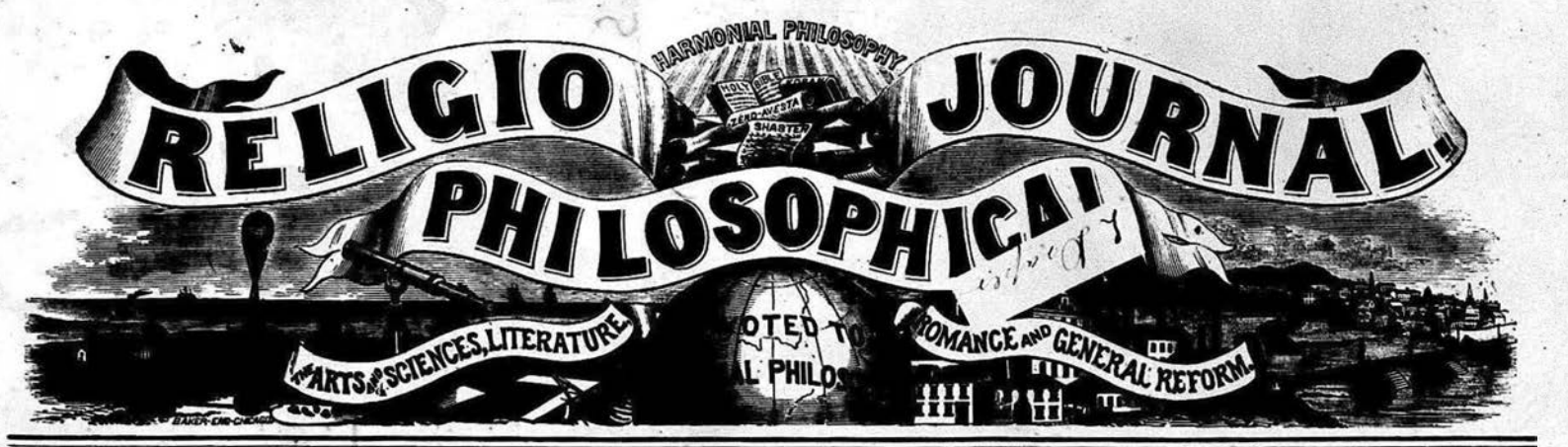
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reason, on the venerable soil of India, was transmuted and justified by the alibi that substituted for intellectual life semi-brutal existence of dreaming impotence India is the world's cradle; hence it is that the common mother in sending forth her children even to the utmost west has in unending testimony of our origin, bequeathed

west, has, in infading testimony of our origin, bequeathed us the legacy of her language, her laws, her *morale*, her literature, and her religion. . . . To religious despotism, imposing, speculative delusions, and class-legislation, may be attributed the decay of nations. Aware of the resentment I am provoking, I vet shrink

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 16, 1871. VOL. XI.—NO. 13.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Religious-Philosophical Journal. ASSURANCE. BY MISS F. O. WHEELER. "When you claim immortality for, and conscious communion with, all forms of life, I fear, my dear friend, for your reason."—A Correspondent.

And so you fear my little brain
May be in tension overwrought
With baseless and transcendent thought—
With abstract speculations vain—

My kind but anxious friend, because
The sea breeze of the inner sphere
Hath wafted to my eager ear
Some murmurs from the world called Cause.

That thrill my soul with such sweet bliss
My brightest dreams of future rest,
In spheres with God's full presence blest,
I wake to find fulfilled in this.

And fully awakened from my sleep,
Feeling no drowsiness remain,
Within my revivified heart and brain,
Silence I cannot wholly keep.

Because the sleeping child was
That dawn the vanished old did roll,
Awakening my dreaming soul,
Submerged my cradle with my grave.

And left me on a mountain brow,
Whence my enraptured eye can see
The Past as far as the To Be,
Amid the centristal Now.

Oh, friend, the danger to the brain
Is not so great in scaling heights,
And climbing of new-born delights,
As in our wrenching at the chain;

And for thy peace, believe, my friend,
There's nothing in what wild, or true,
Or flown, or worn as I am telling me
Of life, that can to madness tend.

They teach no faster than I seek—
They answer only what I ask;
Our sweet communion is no task—
'T is simple language that they speak.

They whisper me with fragrant breath,
And joyous warblings of the heart,
That they are of my soul's part—
That ours would be All Being's death.

They 're taught me that the thine and mine
Are of one life so many parts—
One heart expressing countless hearts,
With nothing more or less divine.

That evermore we shall forget—
That evermore we shall recall;
Since all is one, and one is all,
Change all in all cannot regret.

They never seek to tell me why
Being is being, laws are laws,
Or find the cause of the First Cause—
Perhaps they know no more than I.

They may enfold in many a cell
Of soul and brain unuttered thought
They deem I should not yet be taught—
If so, no doubt they 're reasoned well.

Good night, dear friend! Upon thy brow
May sleep her purest kisses leave,
And thy o'er-anxious mind repose—
New cover was more sane than new.

I would not mar one peaceful rest:
Let those asleep asleep remain,
Each in his time will wake again—
Some windows open to the west.

From the Medium and Daybreak.

THE INNER LIFE.

Questions and Answers.

[A seance is held every Friday evening, at eight o'clock, at the office of the Medium; J. J. Morse, spirit medium. By our reports of these or other circles who do not endorse or stand responsible for the facts or teachings given by the spirits. Our desire is, in brief, to give a faithful representation of what takes place, for the benefit of those who can not attend.]

(The questions were answered by Tien-Sien-Tie, the Guide of the Medium.)

September 29.

Q. Will you make some remarks upon the nature of dreams, and upon the causes of dreaming?—A. An explanation of dreaming involves a consideration of the philosophy of sleep. Two conditions of the body, which are of different kinds, should exist entirely distinct and separate. One form of action should not interfere with another nor intrude upon it. Sleep is rest, necessitated by the exhaustion which the body sustains while awake. Sleep is necessary that the magnetic energies may be enabled to recuperate themselves; and when this has taken place, the person wakes refreshed and strengthened. This condition of rest, when it is normal and healthy, should be a perfect blank as respects all forms of mental and bodily action. The avenues of sensation are entirely closed; the spirit retires within its own soul-sphere for the time. When diseased or imbalanced conditions exist in the organism, some parts of the brain are kept in a state of excitement when the whole of it should be wrapped up in sleep, and these parts operating upon the previous mental experiences of the dreamer, or imaginary scenes derived therefrom, produce dreams of the lower order. Another kind of dream is more like clairvoyance—a partial awakening of the spiritual faculties. Yet it is abnormal, and is caused by some irritant operating upon the brain. It may be some thought, some mental sensation which

exercises those brain organs conducive to the exercise of this same clairvoyant power. Such a dream occasions the sleeper to experience lassitude and weariness upon awakening, instead of refreshing rest. Another class of dreams is that which agitates the mind of the dreamer by impressions of fear, terror, horror, danger, &c. In such instances, sometimes the misery and distress of an age will be crowded into a few brief moments. Such painful experiences are preventable and entirely under the control of humanity. The false conditions in which society exists, especially in regard to dietetics, explains the cause of these horrible dreams. If the central point of the vital system be out of order, it must be expected that the sensations sent therefrom to the brain will be of a kind similar to the disorder experienced. In such cases the lower portions of the brain being in sympathy with the abnormal condition of the viscera, those basilar brain organs are excited to action, and the lowest form of mental phenomena is the result. There is yet another kind of dream, which is prophetic. These occur when the whole consciousness of the spiritual nature of the dreamer is aroused, and the future, with its varied occurrences, becomes clear to the seer. This is in reality a spiritual condition, equivalent to the higher forms of clairvoyance. This state may result from two distinct causes: firstly, a prophetic result may accrue from the freed spirit of the dreamer, making an individual inspection of the subject about which he dreams; secondly, an attendant spirit may operate upon the spiritual faculties of the sleeper so as to awaken them, and then pass before him a panorama of events which constitute the prophecy. This form of dreaming, like the others named, is abnormal.

Q. What becomes of the spirit during sleep?—A. The spirit withdraws itself from the external organism and lives in its own sphere while the body rests. In other cases the intelligent principle passes away into other spheres; and such spirits are seen by the inhabitants of the spirit-world, wending their way to the various societies with which they have an affinity. They are known by spirits to be connected with earth-life, from the fact that a silver cord is seen to be attached to them which connects the spirit with the body left asleep on earth. If this cord becomes too much attenuated and is snapped asunder, no power in heaven or on earth can reunite it. The rupture of this cord is sometimes the cause of sudden and mysterious deaths, which all the experience and skill of medical men cannot recover; and consequently it is frequently put down to latent disease or to some other supposed organic ailment. But such deaths often occur in this way: While the body is asleep, the spirit wanders into the spirit-world; and curiosity or some other excitement may induce it to go so far that it becomes fatigued, and in its efforts to sustain itself a strain is made upon the cord, which becomes attenuated and breaks. This may be called spiritual suicide. Such a result may also arise from the sleeper being abruptly awakened in such a manner as to frighten him. You should, at all times, be very careful as to how you awaken a sleeping person.

Q. How is the vital action kept up in the body when the spirit is absent?—A. There are two classes of being or existence, namely, substance, known as the various modes of matter; and pure intelligence, similar to the intelligent principle in man. Matter has a life of its own, which sustains itself by peculiar laws. These principles of matter operate in the body of man, and the positive action of the brain for the time being sustains the performance of the vital functions. When life ceases, however, atomic action asserts itself, and the body is dissolved into its primitive elements.

After answering questions on Mesmerism, the laws of health were referred to, when the spirit observed that taking food when the body required it, and avoiding all unnecessary substances, was the first condition of health. The use of tobacco, alcoholics and all such substances was quite inadmissible.

THE DEATH OF THE STROLLING PLAYER.

Our humorous friend, on a former occasion, gave some particulars of his passing away from this earth, and in reply to certain questions from a visitor, he referred to it again. He has repeatedly stated that he died from starvation, in respect to which he suggested the following proverbial phrase: "The poor man's want is the rich man's shame." He gave a humorous description of his physical and spiritual personality, and as the conditions were not favorable, the narrator, but he promises to repeat it. A visitor insisted on leaving before the seance ended, and a stranger spirit who was in attendance, could not be introduced.

October 18.

On assuming control, the spirit desired to make a public statement respecting the proceedings on Sunday evening last at Mr. Cogman's. The spirit wished to express his sincere thanks to those then assembled for the kind aid they afforded an aged brother in the prophetic spheres pertaining to the various planets. Such exalted spirits have no connection whatever with material existence; and when they desire to communicate with earth, they have to employ spirits in an intermediate condition as mediums for the transmission of their thoughts.

Q. In Swedenborg's description of the Hells in accordance with truth, his descriptions were in accordance with the truth as perceived by him, but not as by us. It is true the Hells exist, but they are not eternal. They are simply states in which discord and unhappiness prevail—where memory, conscience, and undeveloped constitute a state in the lower spiritual spheres. In these societies the falsities and fantasies of a perverted imagination constitute the phenomena of existence. These are Hells, as we understand the word. Souls pass out of this darkness gradually into light.

Q. How are spiritual bodies nourished?—A. Digestive and reproductive organs required.—A. One fact is overlooked in the spiritual life of earth's inhabitants, namely, that the spiritual body grows from the material body, and is its counterpart in every respect. Hence, all the functions are carried into spirit-life in a spiritualized condition. There are in the spirit-world various stages of development. The more gross cannot think of existence apart from the forms and circumstances that appeal to the senses, and with them all the conditions of earth-life are reproduced. We must also remember that the spirit-world is a counterpart of this world, where all the products are repeated in a higher form of development; hence, fruits are grown and become the food of those who are on the plane of development to require them. Those who are more elevated absorb the aromas and the divine life that surround them.

Q. Are those fruits grown spontaneously, or are they the result of cultivation?—A. They are spontaneous productions; yet there are spirits who love horticultural operations; and they engage therein, as it brings them nearer to their Father, God, and is a means of progress to them. By such operations they gain information of a scientific character, and hence are led to know more of God and his laws.

Q. Can spirits from other planets communicate with the inhabitants of earth?—A. Yes, if they are on a similar plane of development.

THE STROLLING PLAYER.

In a long address, showed that science exploded all the religious ideas of immortality, and that the spiritual phenomena were the necessity of man's present stage of intellectual progress.

WILLIAM PAWLEY.

The medium was quietly controlled, and sat erect, slightly leaning forward. His body seemed longer than usual. He spoke in a quiet self-controlled voice.—"Mr. Cogman: It is with great pleasure that I take this opportunity of communicating with those on the mortal plane. The cause of my gratitude is that I was a Spiritualist before my departure from earth-life. The principles I gleaned from Spiritualism were of great assistance to me in unravelling the tangled questions of life and clearing away theological obstacles. Spiritualism was a blessing to me in many respects. It took away sorrow at the death of friends. I do not chide the exhibition of sorrow, as I now have a continuation of the love I received when on earth. I come back to say that my principles were true. I have long tried to find an opportunity of coming back, but was unsuccessful till now. My name is William Pawley; died in January, 1871, at Dalton."

Mr. Pawley was one of our most valued friends, and his communication and the manner in which he gave it are highly characteristic of him. The blessings of Spiritualism may be seen not only in our deceased friend's experience, but also in the loved ones he has left behind on the earth-plane. It is one of our prayers for humanity that every family may have such a comforter as Spiritualism supplies.

November 17th.

Q. In No. 24 of the Medium and Daybreak the following question was answered by Tien-Sien-Tie:—"I understand that human beings, on entering the spirit-world, do not attain to perfection at once, but gradually progress from the point where they leave off at death. If so, would not a bad man, after death, continue to act wrongly, and so disturb the harmony of the spirit-world?" Answer: No creature goes back or progresses in the inverse ratio. Error belongs to the flesh. A spirit may be an infant in knowledge, and encumbered with the memory of his earth-life, remain for a time the subject of those memories. But the cause has ceased, and the man ultimately becomes free."

In the last number asked the following question: "Do spirits grow worse after leaving this earth?" Answer: "Yes, there is a progressive development of evil; and here we have a fact that we are continually urging upon our hearers. A child is born, in what conditions? Possibly in a very hotbed of vice, and contains within it the vices of ages; hence it happens that the more the soul becomes happy, it passes through ages of misery." Do not the answers of the two questions contradict each other? If not, how are we to understand them?—A. The answers apparently contradict each other, yet, if we view them properly, we shall see that each contains the answer to the other. At death, the cause of evil have ceased, but the evil itself remains in the nature, and may take long periods to eradicate; and it is during this working out that vice is manifested and misery endured. Hence, both answers are substantially true, and each supports the other.

Q. How is it that open communication between the two worlds, as it is now, was not possible at an earlier period than the present, seeing what a boon it would have been to dwellers upon earth. Lord Byron, for instance, used to say, that if only one single departed person would come back and tell him he was alive, it would have enabled him to be more in immortality. Why was he denied so reasonable a request?—A. Methinks our correspondent possesses but slight acquaintance with the subject, or he would know that the spiritual history of humanity is as old as man himself. There have, however, been eras or periods of spiritual development, and between these points there have been periods of spiritual sterility, in which few or no important manifestations of the spiritual element have taken place. Thus he (Lord Byron) may have been placed in the same category as thousands of others who continually reiterated the same query, and we may say of them, they would not believe even though one returned from the dead. For man is surrounded with so many crude notions and ideas, that he has to live out of all preconceived notions before he can attain to the pure truth.

Spiritualism in England.

MR. MORSE'S SOIRÉE.

We should rather say the spirit's soiree, for they originated the idea of holding it, and the announcement excited so much interest that the rooms of the Progressive Library were crowded to suffocation on Friday last, and many had to be turned away, there being no chance for them to have a peep at the proceedings. The refreshments were admirably arranged, and apparently, every visitor was comfortably and sociably supplied with a substantial and elegant tea. The company comprised deputations from the various sub-centres of Spiritualism in London. St. John's Wood and Kilburn were well represented; Pimlico, Paddington, and other districts also sent their contingents.

After some music from Mr. Hicks, the proceedings commenced, at eight o'clock, by Mr. Burns making a statement as to the objects of the meeting. He commended Mr. Morse for the manner in which he esteemed the qualifications of other mediums, which was amply testified to by the fact that quite a number were present by his express invitation.

Signor Damiani was first called upon, and, in the course of a short speech, deprecated the tendency on the part of some mediums to run all others down. He gave some instances of injury that had resulted from this habit. He congratulated Mr. Morse on the success which had attended his mediumship, and wished him many returns of the anniversary they had met to celebrate.

Mr. Hicks sang, "I cannot Sing the Old Songs."

Mr. Cogman, as Mr. Morse's spiritual father was desired to say a few words. He said he had a very large family of children, and Mr. Morse became one of them some years ago. He had visited Mr. Cogman's circle out of curiosity, and was immediately influenced, conducting himself in an energetic manner. This was shortly after Mr. Morse had been developed at the same circle. In the first instance, Mr. Morse had contented himself by exhibiting considerable noise and restlessness; but now his mediumship was of a very different kind. The speaker recommended patience and care with new mediums. The manifestations might be undesirable and even offensive at first, but afterwards the results might be exceedingly valuable and instructive. In the developing he did not touch the sitters, but allowed them to develop themselves spontaneously. He could give no explanation as to why some mediums were operated upon by his circle. He took no trouble in the matter. For eight years he had held circles regularly, and for three years every night in the week, excepting Saturday. During that time his house had been crowded with visitors, and many mediums had been developed, some particulars respecting which he gave to the meeting.

Mr. Morse now spoke in his normal condition, and said it was the first speech he had ever had the pleasure of giving under such circumstances. He expressed much pleasure in seeing so many assembled on that occasion. That was the second anniversary of the series of weekly meetings held by him in that room. On looking back he had nothing to regret, but much to be grateful for. All that he possessed mentally had been derived from mediumship. His spirit-friends had led him on from imperceptible beginnings, and brought him many benefits, both of a worldly and intellectual description. He felt that during these two years he had lived many years when the mental progress he had made was taken into account. The large meeting on that occasion indicated the interest taken in his mediumship, but he thought the credit was due to the spirit-friends. He thanked those who attended his circles for their sympathy and encouraging presence. He was impressed that there was yet something to come out of him, which would be good for himself and for himself also. He acknowledged the great aid he had received from the spiritual press, for their copious and valuable reports of his mediumship, which had brought him before the world, and thus enhanced his usefulness.

Mr. Rippon, who was present, favored the company with a beautiful piece of music which elicited all, and pervaded the room with a most enjoyable influence.

Mr. Morse was controlled by his guide, Tien-Sien-Tie, who thanked the company for their attendance, and continued the seance, with many of recognition. He thought there was too much head and too little heart in modern Spiritualism. If there were more love and less philosophy, all concerned would get on better.

That meeting had been convened by him and his coadjutors for the purpose of promoting more social unity. As to philosophy, that might be got after death, but love should be exercised now, as it was the basis of existence. He had labored to develop the instrument before them, that an opportunity might be provided for the presentation of thoughts from the Spiritual world. In doing so, the object of the spirits had been to show man his true nature, physically, mentally, and spiritually; that man might know himself, his fellows, and his God. He had endeavored to implant in the mind of his hearers such laws and principles as were applicable in the turmoil of life, enabling man to struggle successfully with his circumstances, and thereby attain the objects of life.

Mr. J. Ashman said he had been cured of palpitation of the heart by Dr. Newman, who told him that, if he tried, he might become a medium for healing. He had done so, and the consequence was that numerous cases had been cured or relieved by him in the streets almost instantaneously.

The "Strolling Player" made some remarks through the medium, Mr. Morse, and concluded by reciting, in a very telling manner, Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Caesar.

Mr. Hicks and Mr. Robinson sang, "The Last Rose of Summer." At this stage of the proceedings, it was proposed that Miss Fowler should allow herself to be controlled, and give some tests. She kindly did so, but simultaneously, an Indian spirit controlled a lady, and began to make some characteristic manifestations. This caused considerable excitement, and interfered with Miss Fowler's proceedings; but we understand that two or three tests were successfully given. The control of Indian spirits are now manifested in another case, which considerably broke up the meeting, some of the visitors, who did not understand such phenomena, being evidently frightened by the playfulness of their Indian brothers. This prevented Mr. Rippon from showing some beautiful paintings he had brought for the occasion, as also from making a short statement respecting his mediumship.

Mr. Burns concluded the meeting by giving a brief explanation of the unusual phenomena which had interrupted the latter part of the proceedings. He said that the Indian was as much our brother as a Londoner, but that, in coming into our society, he was unable to conduct himself as we did; hence the unseemly nature of his actions. There was, however, no danger to be apprehended from these manifestations. Those spirits were neither low nor unruly, but came as guests, and expressed themselves in the way peculiar to their nation. He concluded by observing that perhaps the meeting had received more than it had bargained for; but these latter phenomena were quite as instructive as any, since they showed that the phenomena were genuine, as no person would willingly do so unless some influence outside of themselves compelled it. The proceedings were of a very interesting description throughout, and the audience dispersed very much gratified therewith.—Medium and Daybreak.

Curious Facts.

Lewenboeck tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would be only equal to a mile.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.

Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit.

Butterflies are of a very interesting description. Their wings are covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself like water through a sieve.

The mites make five hundred steps in a second.

Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings swimming with nearly as much liberty as the whales do in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing upon it.

Moral: Have some care as to the air you breathe, the food you eat, and the water you drink.

A PARTY of young Japanese are staying in New York City a few days on their way to England for a five years' course of study. That is the way Japan proposes to rejuvenate.

More politicians seem to regard the government as a clumsy machine for taking money out of other men's pockets and putting it into their own.

This mind is more thoroughly under human control than we sometimes realize. We may train it to appreciation of the pure and beautiful, if we will. Thought will bend to determination, and, in proportion to the labor bestowed for that end.

Love is divided into three terms: that which was, which will be, and that which is to be. Let us learn from the past to profit by the present, and from the present to live better in the future.

We worship the promotion of all good, all that is very beautiful, shining, immortal, bright, everything that is good.—Zeno Anaximander.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.

SEVERAL years of silent inquiry are needful for a man to learn the truth, but fourteen in order to learn how to make it known to his fellow-men.—Flato.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1871.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

The Material World—The Judean Rose—Obstruction to our Progress only Contains a God—The Vanishing God, etc.

(NUMBER LV.)

The human mind, ever active, is constantly endeavoring to unlock the doors of nature, in order to enter in her secret chambers, and see the working of forces now unobserved by us. One idea of the existence of God is based on the mysterious action of the material world. The seed planted in the earth will germinate, produce a bud which will unfold into a beautiful blossom. The acorn embedded in the soil has a life principle within it that bursts the outer covering, seeks the warm atmosphere, and then seemingly conscious of its mission, steps upon the throne as king of the forest! The Judean Rose, when planted in a soil not adapted to its wants, like a bold pioneer, will unloosen tendrils after tendrils, until only one remains to extract nourishment from the bosom of Mother Earth, and there it will patiently remain until a favorable gale approaches, when it will take passage thereon, and will continue its aerial voyage until its inner nature seems to sense the presence of soil adapted to its numerous wants, when, like a bird, it will alight, and again its little tendrils will penetrate the ground, and there the Judean Rose will live, flourish, and bloom. The Resurrection plant, how beautiful in its unfoldment,—the Arab, he gazes upon it with superstition and awe. When the Arab first discovered it—it was a little plant, seemingly insignificant, but growing in the skull of an Egyptian mummy,—he attached thereto a great deal of importance, and plucking it from its garden, put it in soil adapted to its wants, tended it carefully until he saw a bud growing thereon. For weeks he watched it—no blossom appeared until finally he commenced pouring water upon it, when, within five minutes, a beautiful blossom was disclosed to his view. What a curious metamorphosis! What a mysterious change! Soon the blossom became a bud again, and would only present to the observer its rainbow-tinted hues when water was poured freely upon it. Then there is the Sensitive plant—touch it and it will drop, apparently lifeless to the ground, but in a few moments will revive again. All through nature, in all her varied avenues we find mysterious action,—not only among plants and flowers as enumerated above, but in all conditions of the material world. This mysterious action is the moving cause, inducing a belief in the existence of God. Who but a God could form the Judean Rose, which, like a bold pioneer, rises from its native soil, contrary to all exertions of the gardener, and takes passage on the wing of the wind to search for a home in some far-off clime? The careful gardener may see it unloosen tendrils after tendrils; he may with kind care and attention endeavor to woo it to stay—he may put new soil around it, water it with the most scrupulous care,—still it reverts all his importunities—its mind is made up to emigrate, and off it goes; like a bird,—seemingly enjoying its aerial voyage! And the action of the Resurrection plant, is still equally as mysterious, and as well calculated to excite within the mind superstitious notions.

The belief in the existence of a God is based on that we cannot comprehend. Mystery, seems to envelop everything. Not a breeze that stirs, not a seed that germinates, not a comet that goes thundering on its course, not a thought that flies along the electric wire, but what to a certain extent is enshrouded in mystery. But mystery will ever precede progression,—dark, yet, darker, more hideous, than the gloom of a thousand nights! Before us it stands like a funeral pall, ever filling our mind with vague apprehension, ever impressing us with a belief that it has within "its fold" a God. Deity will ever be before us, in belief, controlling the action of the elements,

superintending those forces shut out from the ken of mortal vision, while behind us, connected with all things we can thoroughly understand, is man,—simply man! The belief in the existence of a God, is founded alone on mystery; has no other foundation to-day, and never will have. But progression grandly illuminates the mind. Onward, upward, ascending the starry heights, as you advance God will reveal! Behind you connected with all things you can understand, you connect no God therewith—but beyond you—yes, just beyond the ken of the vision or the grasp of the mind, you ascribe all to God!

There stands before us a bright beautiful spirit—his mind, his comprehension, his knowledge, is far superior to that of the denizens of earth. He has traveled among the different planets, surveyed the grandeur of the Spirit World, held communion with the wise sages of all nations. Thousands of years ago, he was a rude Negro, bowing down before the sun as his god! He worshiped it—it was the source of light and heat, and must be God. On his advent into the Spirit World, his course upward was exceedingly slow. At first he attributed everything he saw, that he could not understand, to the creative power of a God! But he was compelled as he advanced, to change the nature of his god so often, that now he has none—stands before us an Atheist! Knowing as we do that mystery is the foundation for the belief in the existence of a God, it might be well to inquire when mystery will vanish?

We hear a strange noise; a thousand voices seem to sound forth in one joyous, solemn anthem, swelling into one grand volume, then vanishing as sweetly as the notes of an Æolian Harp. What! we can see no one! The music continues,—and under its influence our soul becomes beautifully illuminated! We feel as if in the presence of an angel band. Whence comes this music? Our eyes look in vain! None but a God could give expression to such music of exquisite sweetness,—and as we said that there immediately stood before us an innumerable host, from which these angelic strains proceeded. Ah, while we could not see the source whence it came we were content to ascribe it to a God! As God in this instance vanished,—so he will in all! You will ascribe all mysterious voices, all expression of the material world to him, until the mystery is removed, then like a miserable coward, he will vanish! In our advancement, in our glorious ascent up the hill of progression, each obstruction that impedes our progress, refusing to send forth any rays to illuminate our understanding, contains a God! The clouds once contained him; the volcano, sending forth its lurid flames held him in one fond embrace; the falling rain was his tears; during winter he was asleep; when spring came, he had just awakened. Go on, investigator! Proceed, child of earth, with your investigation! Obstructions are ever before you! When they are beyond your comprehension, you will connect therewith a God! Behind that obstruction is an infinite God—he is connected with it, you will say. By and by, the mind becomes illuminated—an angel places a torch therein,—the obstruction, is no longer such, the God within it vanishes—he has gone to the next obstruction. You advance on progression's ladder. The road is not silver lined—is not always radiant with sunshine—is not always crowned with prosperity. Each step you take higher only reveals greater mysteries,—when they are explained the obstruction vanishes—then God vanishes also.

Then upward, while our eyes are on the celestial glories, while listening to the music of the spheres, and meditating on the character of the varied scenes around us, we again direct our attention to earth. Chicago is in ashes—smoldering ruins only greet our eyes. We look toward the celestial for a divine light—toward the terrestrial for a spark of wisdom to touch the chords of our mind,—to teach us a lesson!

Again, there came before us a little child, clasped in the arms of death. It had perished during the conflagration here. What a strange, sad picture! Even in death it was beautiful, and there seemed to linger upon its placid features a sad, sad smile of love—such only as touch the countenance of innocent childhood. Then the scene changed. We saw the spirit of its mother before us who had been for sometime in the Summer Land, holding in her arms the treasure that had just escaped from that casket—it was her own child! What a happy smile on her features! How radiant her soul, and it seemed to illuminate her countenance with a light divine, and full of joy and gladness, she clasped her child proudly to her bosom, and then looking at us she extends it in her arms and said exultingly, "Let it be understood, 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good!"

We saw a poor man dying. Weakened by poverty and disease, he allowed the serpentine flames to surround him and he was literally burned to death! His cries, how pitiful,—they go on the breeze only to find a mocking response in the lurid flames, and his prayers, who heard them? That fearful Sunday night he died. In the agonies of his last moments, he prayed, but his prayer went no higher than the volumes of smoke that like a funeral pall enveloped the city. With despair pictured on his countenance he struggled with death, his only hopes resting on God. Earnestly and honestly in the hour of his suffering, he looked toward heaven, and therefrom came no loving response. Though poor, though almost a beggar, though living on the plainest of food and wearing the coarsest garments, he desired to live. But he, too, died, and we now see him a happy spirit. There was true nobility in his veins, and it now blooms forth in the Spirit World. He, in company with hundreds of others,

come to us,—joyous, happy, and full of love for all humanity, and standing before us in one long line, we hear them utter in measured accents "Let it be understood, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Calamities.—Their Author—Is there a Compensation?

The Bible, and theological views of the authorship and object of calamities, has occupied our attention in several of the recent issues of this paper. Our object has been to prepare the minds of our readers to step out of the old beaten paths that they have been taught to believe were the only safe and proper route to future happiness—to prepare the mind to grapple with scientific truths—philosophical principles—to awaken our fellow men to a realizing sense that there is no such thing as positive evil—that all things in existence have a use, and that when properly applied they are no longer destroying demons but subservient subjects, willing slaves, performing our bidding and working to make better men and better women, by making better conditions, which result in developing better physical bodies, as temples of immortal souls.

Until we had presented, in a plain, straightforward manner, the fallacies of theological teachings, and the inconsistencies of the Bible; and until we have shown that such pernicious teachings were found in the so-called "Sacred Writings," forever forbid the idea of their having been "written by the finger of the Almighty," an infinitely wise and good being, many would not believe in ever so plainly demonstrated scientific and philosophic truths because they did not agree with the Bible.

Our task has been such as demanded not only integrity of purpose towards truth, and a degree of boldness of utterance that would serve as a guarantee of our sincerity of purpose, but should, by a straightforward statement of fact, convince the reader that old, preconceived opinions, destitute of reason, are no longer worthy of being adhered to, no matter how long they may have been believed as sound, or how forcibly they may be enjoined by the so-called "Sacred Word."

Fully realizing the fact that we could not expect the mind to step into new and untried paths—to the investigation of scientific truths and philosophical principles—until the darkness that beset the old, and the unreasonableness of theological teachings, were made apparent, we, without fear of shocking the sensitiveness of many, entered upon that which was obviously our duty. That duty having been performed, we now commence showing a better view of Omnipotence.

If we were to turn the pages of history, however warped and distorted by the prevailing theological dogmas of the different ages in which historians have lived, and of which they were to no little degree partakers, we shall find that every severe calamity has been followed by a legitimate result which has been a great benefit to mankind—to the world.

Even if we refer to the primitive history, the so-called Sacred Word of God, we shall find the greatest blessings following as a result of the supposed greatest evil. All mythological teachings and writings are interlarded with natural laws, and correspond in degree with natural expressions, and are incultured by symbols. We find that the greatest of all calamities—that calamity that befell the mythical "first human pair"—the calamity that brought "sin into the world and the curse of God upon 'them and their seed,' through all generations of the world, and even the "cursing of the 'ground for their sakes," was the legitimate means of bringing light and knowledge into the world! But for their partaking of the "forbidden fruit," they and their posterity would have been wandering naked tribes, without any knowledge of agriculture or the arts and sciences, living upon the spontaneous productions of the soil, like the Hottentots of South Africa! Oh how we rejoice that the "serpent beguiled Eve," and that she in turn "seduced Adam," and that they both "fell" from their state of simplicity to feel the sting of the curse of their Heavenly Father, that so wisely prompted them to get up and get—dressed—and to go to work and cultivate the soil and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows. Such a calamity, after the lapse of ages, prompts mankind to learn more and more of the natural laws governing their being as well as all other things—to study the arts and sciences—that should finally, after the lapse of many thousands of years, lead the sons who were cursed by God in their first parents, to become like the Gods, "to know good and evil."

Is there not a compensation—ample for the supposed greatest calamity that could possibly befall man—the curse of Almighty God upon "the first parents"—and upon the whole family of man, and upon the earth which they inhabit, when we consider that but for that calamity the whole human family would be a vast family of idiots?

The compensation consists in every good thing that the civilized and enlightened world boasts of, as possessed by them, that is not enjoyed by the benighted Hottentots and other ignorant savages, that know not of their nakedness, and live upon the spontaneous productions of the earth only.

—they wish to carry the same blessings to benighted heathens.

But it will be said that we believe that the Bible report of man's fall is a myth—not a reality. Aye, that is so; but we have said that these traditions are all based upon a central truth which is incultured by symbols, that the wisest men, through inspiration from superior minds in spirit life, interweave certain cardinal principles into narratives fruitful in symbolical representations, to illustrate a truth, which narratives become traditional, and finally are so thoroughly materialized and believed in as literal facts, that the priesthood seize upon them and with a tyrant's power dogmatically put them forth as literal truths, and punish with excruciating torture all who dare to question the literal truth of the dogmas.

It is this literal rendering of "the Mosaic account of 'the sin that brought death into the world,' that we question.

The one object intended to be manifested as a great and living truth, is that not only the knowledge attained by the first inhabitants of earth, but that through all generations knowledge will only be attained through experience—through a knowledge of "good and evil"—and that the greater the severity of that experience the more perfect the knowledge will be, which is developed thereby.

The curse of God, as pronounced upon the "first parents," is represented as extending to all mankind, and wisdom is a legitimate result, even as the opening of the eyes of Adam and Eve resulted from their first sin—they saw their nakedness—that induced them to manufacture clothing. There being no looms, the mechanical arts not yet being known, and they not yet having knowledge enough to slaughter wild animals, and make clothing from their skins, "they sewed fig leaves together and made 'themselves aprons.' This is beginning pretty low down, it is true, but the law of eternal progress, developed through dark and dreary calamities, has made great improvements in the old fig leaf fashion.

If we follow the law of development we shall find that every step that has been taken in the advancement of knowledge, no matter what the subject may be, it has cost constant toil and suffering, mental and physical, to the student of nature or art, through whom the same has been given to the world.

A mighty chasm has been bridged, spanning from earth's first inhabitants to the present, and every day's experience teaches us that we have scarcely begun to understand the laws governing the elements, now tyrants, which are by and by to be of such inconceivable benefit to mankind—always ready to do his bidding.

Calamity after calamity has befallen mortals—little by little have they learned therefrom—but continual progress has been the result. The agitation of thought is said to be the beginning of wisdom.

Thought is greatly agitated upon the recent great calamities that have befallen many people—consequently great results may be expected. We shall see, in the future, and probably shall say more upon the subject in forthcoming numbers of the JOURNAL.

Holiday Books.

We now have in stock and arriving a fine line of books suitable for Holiday Gifts. Among others we may mention *Poems of Progress*, by Lizzie Doten, put up in fine style and sold at \$1.50; gilt \$2.00. Postage on either 30 cents. *Poems from the Inner Life*, by the same author is an old and standard favorite. The two go well together.

Many who have not heretofore bought that superb work, *The Voices*, will improve the present time to obtain it. Price postage paid, \$1.41; full gilt \$1.66.

Radical Rhymes, by Professor William Denton, is a new book by an author whose name it is only necessary to mention to sell the work. Price \$1.25, postage 12 cents.

Lois Waisbrooker is the author of three books of superior merit. *Alice Yale*, \$1.25, postage 16 cents. *Helen Harlow's Vow*, \$1.50, postage 20 cents. These two works are already favorites, and deserve to be still better known. *Maywood Blossoms* is the singular title the author gives her latest work, the demand for which has been thus far in excess of our supply, but we can now fill orders. Price \$1.50, postage 16 cents.

These are but a few of a long list we could enumerate. For further information see our book list and remember that we shall be happy to fill your orders for any book on the market.

Testimonial to Spirit Power in Curing the Sick.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson, No. 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, Madison—I inclose you a lock of hair and desire you to describe the complaint, and prescribe a remedy.

It is not from idle curiosity that I write in this manner, but to convince some skeptics (who are so as regards your powers.) Inclosed is the fee of three dollars. Yours in truth,

P. S.—You sometime since prescribed for my wife, describing her complaint as well as she could herself. She had been unwell for three years; your prescription has cured all her complaints but the headache, and that is greatly relieved. Wishing you a long life of usefulness—I am, yours,
I. C. B.
Willow Grove, Del., Dec. 1, 1871.

A Popular Book.

One of the most popular books ever published is "The Debatable Land," by Robert Dale Owen. The whole of the first edition of two thousand five hundred copies has been taken by bookdealers within ten days from its first issue from the press. We have a full supply, and send them by mail, preparing the postage on receipt of two dollars. It is a beautiful book of five hundred and forty-two pages. Every body should have it.

Fraternal Courtesy.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has reached us in its resuscitated form and new dress; and we must say that if everything burned out there improves as much in appearance as that has, Chicago will have no reason to regret the fire (in a business sense.) We congratulate Mr. Jones and the readers of his paper, on its speedy return to the former size, which will be gladly hailed by the many friends of the paper. The JOURNAL, in its notice of those papers which fraternally alluded to its misfortune and temporary suspension, omitted all mention of the *American Spiritualist*, which gave more space in its columns than any one of the half-a-dozen papers enumerated, not even excepting the *Banner of Light*. This omission on the part of our contemporary is most marked and significant. Notwithstanding its pretensions, the disposition of the JOURNAL to be just, is from the nature of the evidence, neither apparent nor real.—*American Spiritualist*.

REMARKS.—We are glad to learn that our worthy contemporary has done us the favor above alluded to. The article above copied gave us the first knowledge we had upon the subject. We never received a copy of *The American Spiritualist* containing the notice referred to. It always gives us pleasure to credit and reciprocate favors. Our "omission was marked and significant," only from the fact that we did not allude to that which we had no knowledge of.

We beg leave to inform our contemporary that our paper was not even temporarily suspended.

At the time of the fire the JOURNAL was on its way to subscribers over one week in advance of time. On Monday at eleven o'clock A.M., while our city was yet burning (as soon as our office was consumed), we made arrangements for getting out a miniature edition, and got it out eleven days in advance of time, being the first newspaper contracted for at a job office on the west side, in the city after the fire. Every week thereafter we issued the JOURNAL, each week getting a little larger, for four weeks, two of which we got printed in Philadelphia, the fifth being full size on entirely new material purchased in New York.

We improve this opportunity also to say that our contemporaries never find us unwilling to extend all proper fraternal courtesies, and we seldom trouble ourselves to notice uncalculated for proof, unless it be to unlearn cowardly attacks of self-styled Pilgrims in Spiritualism, in sectarian papers, as for instance, the article in *The Shaker*, entitled, "Spiritualism and Shakerism in their Moral Aspect."

Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

For the last four years we have had a specific fund entitled as above.

The object of this fund is to enable all who desire to do so, to aid a class of people to read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, who are unable to subscribe and pay for the same.

The appeal of this class to the proprietor of this paper has never been made in vain. About one per cent. of the expense of free subscriptions has been paid out of that fund; the balance has been borne by the publisher.

All widows, orphans, and aged people who desire to read this paper but feel too poor to pay for it, on request, will have it sent to them marked F. W. O., which means *free*, and charged to the Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

Since the fire several kind-hearted people have donated small sums to aid us in buying a new outfit. The money is very timely, and we most sincerely thank the donors for the same. Money is hard to be got at this time, "every dollar counts," but as we have often said before, notwithstanding we found ourselves greatly embarrassed by the terrible destruction of property on which our insurance is of little or no value, even to one-half more than our good brother, Dr. Child, mentioned in the second miniature JOURNAL we issued since the fire, yet we wholly disclaim being in need of charity.

All sums donated to us will be passed over to the credit of the above-named fund, and those who make such donations are respectfully requested to name the persons to whom they would like to have the JOURNAL sent free, to the full amount of their respective donations, and it shall be done.

If in any case parties making such donations shall fail to mention to whom the paper shall be sent free, we shall apply their money for the first applicants.

Received and placed to the credit of the Widow's and Orphan's Fund:

Amount previously acknowledged.....	\$364.95
A. J. Davis, Orange, N. J., fifty-two copies of his books.....	3.00
W. L. Fowler, Farmington, Mich.....	2.00
John Cook, Ashland, Cal.....	5.00
Blacy Taylor, Crosswicks, N. J.....	7.50
J. H. Rhodes, D. D., Holyoke, Mass.....	5.00
J. A. Froese, Berlin Centre, N. Y.....	6.00
Dr. M. M. Hambleton, McConnellsville, O.....	1.00
S. F. Gordon, Bourbon, Ind.....	2.00
Harmon Rousey, Augusta, Ga.....	6.00
J. DuBois, Bloody Run, Pa.....	3.50

Physical Manifestations.

New phases of spirit power are constantly being developed. Within the last two years many likenesses of deceased persons have appeared upon panes of glass in windows of buildings. Sometimes the windows are in offices and stores, and sometimes in dwelling houses.

It is a remarkable fact that the work is chemically imbedded in the glass and cannot be obliterated, neither can they be seen from the inside of the building, and yet they are plain to be seen upon the outside. It is a coloring in the glass—such as the art of man cannot imitate. A recent case of the kind is now attracting attention of the public in San Francisco, as appears from the following item from San Francisco:

THE SUPERNATURAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 9.—The photograph of a recently deceased Frenchman, named Rodol, has appeared on a window in his late residence in Mason street, near Fifth, attracting thousands of visitors, causing great excitement. It was at first but a shadow; but in three days became a perfect photograph, recognized by everybody.

Will the arena who deride the idea of spirit communion, give the writer a solution of the mysterious problem involved in the above manifestation of intelligence?

When you are selecting your Holiday presents, give our book list a careful examination.

By J. K. Bailey

The raft was then close to the bank at our feet. It drifted a few rods below and moored to the bank. My comrade then walked down to the raft, calling me to follow, and stepped aboard. I leisurely walked toward it, and perceived the three in earnest conversation and eyeing me, their conversation being upon me. The master of the craft, told one of the mates

In the practical expression of such a religion, no forms or ceremonies are essential—no organization needed. But to convince the world by presenting its facts; to educate humanity into its divine philosophies; to establish on earth the conditions which shall make possible a millennial age, wherein no family, church or State organizations shall be essential to order, purity, and justice, requires individual and collective labor, and a vast expenditure of time

The vital question, now, is: Will the great body of American Spiritualists sustain this "new departure"? Or will they rather assert their determination to maintain the position of "respectable citizens," as to marriage and political rights, as well as to all elements of the legal regulation of human association and institutions? Will this "new departure," by the American Association of Spiritualists, infuse new life and practical prowess into its efforts; or will it verify the statement made by myself in the convention at Troy, when protesting against the election of Mrs. Woodhull as its president, that it would be "no more nor less than a dead letter."

dehumanizing lever of instrumentalization of the victim of-

ing to be considered.

St. Peter, Dec., 1871.

J. L. POTTER.

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We are to work and to learn. Life should have its quiet pauses, in which to gather rest for work, but no idle hours. The poor are to be ministered unto, the wicked to be reclaimed, and the sorrowing to be comforted.

100

Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

Thoughts on the Bible Account of the Second Day's Work of God.

NUMBER TWO.

"And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters."—Gen. i. 6.

"And God said"—spoke unto himself, with himself held converse, saying, out of myself come forth a firmament.

"Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters."

Firmament, the region of the air, the sky; that is, a vacuum or hollow, formed in the midst of the waters, dividing the waters from the waters; hence we infer from Bible authority, the firmament or regions of space in which the earth, sun, moon, and stars are suspended, is but a bubble of air bounded by vast bodies of water. The breath of God in a frame work of tears, in the midst of which rolls the stellar world.

"And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament, and the waters which were above the firmament, and it was so."—Gen. i. 7.

This verse fully corroborates the views set forth above. We have the waters divided,—a part of them above,—a part below,—the remaining power holding the waters apart. Air, or atmosphere, the breath of God; an atmospheric resistance, acting against hydraulic pressure,—the one holding up, the other holding down,—both out of one God,—the one His tears, the other His breath.

A boundless breathing space, so full of life, joy, and truth,—in this we live, move, and have our being. Glorious thought! to live and breathe in the breath of God! As He breathes forth pure air, so we breathe it in, and as He sends forth impure breath, so we inhale it, and our natures are continually being washed by the waters of His nature, the tears of heaven.

"And God called the firmament heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day."—Gen. i. 8-9.

The firmament, heaven, the place or home of regions of mind,—mind, infinite, eternal, bringing out of chaos, order, filling space with place, thus making a part of space material; the greater part immaterial, and yet the material is not visible; or does not yet fully established. It is true that a ray of light had penetrated into space, where light never existed before. It is equally true that this light is directed by an infinite mind or law, called in the first day's work, spirit. "And the spirit of God (law) moved upon the face of the waters,"—second verse, and that this spirit began its action or phenomena in the inky darkness of chaos; that it was yet indivisible, and in order to produce divisibility and individuality, matter must appear.

We sum up this second day's work in the completion of a firmament. The darkness is broken; the waters are broken up; light and heat are at work; space is formed, and water takes its place; that is, it is connected into a place under control, having limits, bounded by the firmament.

"And the evening and the morning were the second day."

Two great periods of time have been accomplished. Darkness, spirit, motion, order, light, water, and air are now the elements of the world; in order to space; the waters are divided into place, part in fluid, part in vapor.

A pause appears to take place; the spirit halts for rest; the light wanes; darkness comes forth; the spirit arouses for work, and the third day and night begin their developments.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Charles H. Read.

BROTHER JONES:—I have read with great interest the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for two years or more—think it one of the best weeklies in the land. I do not hold it responsible for the errors of the contributors to its columns, nor for its advertising columns; but he leaves to its editor if he wishes Charles H. Read well enough to commend him to the attention and patronage of the public. My reason for asking is that he visited our place a short time since, and gave us a show for fifty cents per head. I was in attendance, and could not think it possible that he was of any benefit whatever to any one except himself, and that only financially.

It is unnecessary to describe to you one of his sermons; but sufficient to say that the manner in which it was conducted was altogether unsatisfactory to any but a full believer in the spiritual philosophy, and to such it afforded no new subject or food for thought, or fund of information whatever. He simply did what he was and has been advertised to do, and nothing more. The manifestations were of an unimpeachable character, and could not detect a trick, neither did they become convinced that they were performed by spirit agencies; nor were they impressed with their truly wonderful character any more than had they been the tricks of a juggler.

The audience was an intelligent one, but were not moved to careful inquiry or investigation; but laughed at any grotesque positions during the service. Now what is the benefit derived, if any, from such impositions upon the public by this "mysterious man"? If the spiritual philosophy is true, does he not do it? He is a hardy and the appearance of a man of thought and culture, and one of the spiritualists here says he often gets intoxicated with liquor, and has been frequently vomited with by his friends for his injurious habits.

Now, Brother Jones, do not think that I hold you responsible for this man. I do not, but on the contrary, think you would excuse and condemn any such imposition, and ask only, why do you speak in commendatory terms of him? Do you not know he is a humbug? That, although he is a medium of extraordinary power, yet he travels over the country to get money by prostituting his angelic powers—lacking the manhood to work for a cause which he acknowledges, or the gratitude to acknowledge the gifts given him.

Most of us regard him as a coarse, unrefined, unscrupulous man, and unworthy the consideration or patronage of good people.

Your, etc.

L. P. MARSH.

Jefferson, Kansas, Dec. 3rd, 1871.

REMARKS:—We know Mr. Read to be a good medium. The phenomena manifested through him is worthy of investigation by the best minds of the age. Of no other qualification have we occasion to speak. He is before the people as a medium for a wonderful phenomena of spirit power. If you were desirous of producing a specific result in chemistry you would, as a chemist, use the necessary ingredients, without stopping to inquire whether such ingredients, separately used, would be agreeable to your senses or not. We presume spiritists using him for physical manifestations are scientists, and know well what ingredients are necessary for the result; finding such elements in Read and the audiences concerned, use them.

When spiritists use a little more reason—have a little more independence of character, care less for the meager of causers to an absurd system of religion, and receive the sign of truth without

reference to the channel through which it comes, they will be all the wiser and better for it. Our private and public opinion in regard to Mr. Read's morals, the public has no business with, and we have no right to impose it upon them.

In regard to his "prostituting his powers" we will simply say, the angels who use him as a medium will be their own judges. Mr. Read is true to his organism—they use him—they know their business.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote cured me from the use of tobacco, and I heartily recommend it to any and all who desire to be cured. Thank God I am now free after using the weed over thirty years.

LORENZO MEERKEIL.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1871.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectively destroyed my appetite or desire for tobacco.

DAVID O'HARRA.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 15th, 1871.

I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use. Have no desire for it.

F. H. SPARKS.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 25th, 1871.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free, with no desire or hankering for it.

GEORGE A. BARKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

Mr. R. T. Wyman, of Waukau, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. Inclosed find two dollars. Please send me a box.

D. H. FORBES.

Oshkosh, Wis., Sept. 19, 1871.

For sale at this office. \$3.00 per box. Sent free of postage by mail. Address Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

Agents wanted.

Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

Brother Andrew Jackson Davis, Orange, N. J., has presented to this Publishing House three copies Magic Staff, seven copies of the History and Philosophy of Evil,—cloth, and nine in paper, seven Death and the After-life, paper, and one in cloth, one Tale of a Physician, thirteen Children's Lyceum Manual, and eleven copies of the Fountain, all of which have been placed to the account of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

Many thanks from ourself and others who by his liberality secure the reading of this paper free.

Our friends will bear in mind that Brother Davis has no money to give. He is one who is rich in the knowledge of the higher life, but always has been poor in purse. His books are worth to the thinkers of the present age, more than mines of gold and diamonds. We hope his bounty will awaken many thousands of our readers, who as yet have never perused those valuable books, to immediately send to this office for them. We keep a full supply and are prepared to fill orders at any time. Orders at this time will not only help us, but Brother Davis will thereby get his margin of profit, as an author, which is his only means of support. May good angels prompt all lovers of truth to send for a full set of Brother Davis' works. Such a nice present to one's own family, as a Christmas or New Year's gift, should not be neglected.

Mark Twain.

On next Monday evening, Dec. 18th, this inimitable humorist and spicy writer will deliver a lecture at the Michigan Avenue Free Library under the auspices of the Star Lecture Course. Mark Twain's manner of presenting wholesome truths in a coating of humor, has won for him a world-wide reputation. His game will draw a crowded house. Admission 50 cents; reserved seats, 75 cents.

Microscopes.

Our entire stock was destroyed by the fire. A new supply was at once ordered, and our importers inform us that they are daily looking for the arrival of a large invoice from Paris (where they are manufactured), when our order will receive immediate attention. We shall undoubtedly be able to fill all standing orders before the end of the month.

"Die Tafelrunde."

(Round-table.)

The above is the title of a journal published in the German language, and devoted to Spiritualism. Its pages teem with the best thoughts of the German writers on the subject, and the more prominent accounts of phenomenal Spiritualism are translated for its columns. It is published semi-monthly at \$3 per year. Address P. S. Schucking, Box 150, Washington, D. C.

LITERARY NOTES.

Littell's Living Age, being published in weekly numbers, of sixty-four pages each, gives more than three thousand double-column octavo pages of reading matter yearly. The highest critical authorities of the country unite in pronouncing it "the best of all magazines published." The publishers offer some copies of the magazine to subscribers who may wish to read their leading periodicals, and we recommend a careful examination of their prospectus, published in this paper.

The Herald of Health, for December, contains much practical information of value to every red-blooded man. The articles are prepared with special reference to the health and morals of the people. Wood & Holbrook, Publishers, 12 & 14 LaSalle street, New York.

The Ladies Own Magazine, published at Indianapolis, Ind., by M. Corn Blaud, is improving in merit. The December number is unusually attractive.

Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

THE MOST CERTAIN and perfectly harmless antidote for the poisonous effects and remedy for the tobacco appetite, is known by the above name.

It is compounded by Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, the celebrated medium of Chicago, while entranced by a noted chemist, long in spirit life. This antidote is warranted to break the habit of using tobacco by the inveterate lover of the weed, when the directions (on each box) are followed.

AGENTS for selling the same throughout the country are wanted. For sale, wholesale and retail, at this office. Price, \$2.00 per box. Sent by mail free of postage on receipt of the money.

A Partner Wanted.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

I am still taking spirit pictures. I have the best gallery in the city. I want a partner. He must furnish \$2,000, and give good recommendations. My temperance enables me to get along with any gentleman.

M. DORRITY, Artist.
Indianapolis, Ind., Dec., 1871.
v11 n1234

Prospectus.

THE NATIONAL BUSINESS INDEX will aim to present in a condensed attractive form, suitable for reference, such information as business men are supposed to desire concerning all matters of a business character that are of a national or general interest. Touching matters of fact the widest possible accuracy will be adhered to. In editorial comments, and in articles by contributors, the most practical and important subjects will receive attention, and a terse, clear, business-like style will be used.

The best business talent and experience will be freely used in accomplishing the object of the proposed plan, and the plan themselves will be modified or enlarged as the publishers are instructed by experience that the wants of their readers demand.

Price. To single subscribers, the NATIONAL BUSINESS INDEX will be furnished at \$1.00 a year. Clubs of ten or more will be furnished at 75 cents a year each. Single copies, 10 cents. Specimens for use in raising lists, free.

THE INDEX COMPANY, Publishers.

432 W. Jackson street, Chicago.

Spiritual Tracts.

BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

THIS VOLUME CONSISTS OF A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF

SHORT ARTICLES ON SPIRITUALISM, BY JUDGE EDMONDS, who is widely known in Europe and America as an able jurist and a staunch advocate and expounder of the Spiritual Philosophy.

The collection contains 325 pages, and is sold for the small sum of 30 cents per copy. Forty copies to one address by express for \$6.00. Free to any widow or orphan who may apply in person or by letter. Address Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

MOVABLE PLANISPHERE

Of the Heavens, at Every Minute. A Complete Directory of the Stars Every Minute. In Astronomy what a Map is to Geography. Two kinds. One painted, and as much better as it is cheaper than a celestial globe. The other like the star sky, made white on a black-blue ground. Send \$5.00 post office order to Henry Walling, 511 Arch street, Philadelphia, Penn., and by return mail receive a full set, or send two cent stamp and get the 44 rules of explanation. v11 n114

VOICE OF PRAYER.

A POEM BY W. S. BARLOW, AUTHOR OF "THE VOICE."

This little poem is fully equal to any of Mr. Barlow's best efforts, and should be read by everybody. Printed on the tinted paper, with blue-line border. Price, 35 cents; postage 8 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

THE SCIENCE OF EVIL; OR, First Principles of Human Action.

BY JOEL MOODY.

"THE SCIENCE OF EVIL" is a book of radical and startling thought. It gives a connected and logical statement of the FIRST PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN ACTION, and clearly shows that without evil man could not exist. This work fully solves the problem, and unveils the Mystery of Evil, giving it a scientific foundation, and shows it to be the LAYERS WHICH MOVE THE MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL WORLD.

The book is a large 12 mo., of 342 pages, printed from large, clear type, on fine, heavy paper. Price, \$1.75; postage 30 cents.

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JUST PUBLISHED.

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Chapter XLII.—The Dying Girl.
Chapter XLIII.—The Inner Temple.
Chapter XLIV.—The Foolish Mother.
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VOL. XI.—NO. 14.

(A chapter from Hon. Robt. Owen's work, entitled, "The Debatable Land between This World and the Next.")

THE INNER LIFE.

Convincing Tests of Spirit Communication.

A NEAR RELATIVE SHOWS HIMSELF THROUGHOUT FIVE YEARS, TO A SURVIVING FRIEND.

A judicious man of science, experimenting in his laboratory, seeks, before giving to the world the result of an important experiment, to repeat that experiment more than once. Inasmuch as the governing law endures, any result obtained under that law must be capable of being reproduced: and its reproduction, time after time, will usually be deemed necessary to give assurance of its genuine character; seeing that a fallible observer may readily mistake or misinterpret, when his observation is limited to a single example.

Some physical phenomena, however, are spontaneous and cannot be produced at will. We cannot evoke an aurora borealis, or call down aerolites from the sky. Apparitions have usually been thought to be of that character; if believed in at all, and to a certain extent, they are. Among the superstitious a belief has sometimes prevailed that the dead may be recalled by mystic and unlawful rites, as Saul by the so-called "Witch" of Endor, but such a superstition finds few believers in modern times. All that there is of truth underlying it consists in this, that, under favorable conditions, of rare and difficult combination, we may occasionally obtain apparitions; and may even be favored so as to witness these again and again: not during weeks or months only, but throughout years.

I am fortunate enough to be able to lay before the reader one of the most remarkable—perhaps the most remarkable—example of this that has ever occurred; or, at least, that is to be found on record; with permission, from the witness, to give his name in attestation. It is a name well known in the commercial and social circles of New York.—Mr. Livermore.

This gentleman, eleven years ago, lost a near and dear relative; let us call her Estelle. On her death-bed, perceiving the poignant grief that overwhelmed her relative at the prospect of his approaching loss, she earnestly expressed the desire that it might be possible for her, after death, still to assure him of her continued existence.

He attached but little importance to this except as evidence of her affection; having himself, up to that time, found no proof satisfactory to his reason touching a Hereafter. Neither he nor Estelle had any faith whatever in spiritual phenomena; and both had been wont to regard the whole subject with repugnance.

When Mr. Livermore found himself alone, his extreme grief was terribly embittered by the thought that it was a separation forever. Expressing this in strong terms to his friend, Dr. John F. Gray, who had been Estelle's physician from childhood, that gentleman (one of the earliest believers in intermediate phenomena) suggested that there was a remedy capable of alleviating his grief, if he (Mr. L.) saw fit to resort to it. The reply was a contemptuous frown at Spiritualism and its delusions, and the sufferer went his way, hopeless and desolate.

After a time, however, came the sober second thought that there might be something in a doctrine which so earnest and thoughtful a man as Dr. Gray implicitly accepted. Accordingly, at his friend's suggestion, he resolved to seek sittings with Miss Kate Fox.

The sittings were held sometimes in Mrs. Fox's parlor, sometimes in Mr. Livermore's. In all cases the necessary precautions were taken to give assurance that no one entered the room, or left it, during the sitting; the room itself being thoroughly examined, and doors and windows effectually secured. At several of the first sittings three or four visitors were admitted as additional witnesses. But it soon became apparent that the best results could be obtained with a single sitter only; and accordingly, as a general rule, Mr. Livermore only was present.

During the first sitting, which was held January 23, 1861, he, Mr. L., for the first time, heard the mysterious echoes—the "raps," as they are usually called. Then, throughout the first ten or twelve sittings, followed the usual phenomena: spirit-touches, spirit-communications, moving of ponderable bodies, etc.; finally, spirit-writing. During the twelfth sitting came a message, purporting to be from Estelle, to the effect that if her friend persevered, her spirit could be made visible to him. Then, throughout a dozen sessions more, came phosphorescent lights, disappearing and reappearing at intervals; at last, on the twenty-fourth sitting (March 14th), the dim outline of a figure, moving about. Three days afterward there came this message: "I know that I can make myself visible to you. Meet me to-morrow night. Secure the doors and windows, for I wish the test to be beyond all doubt; for your good and the good of others."

The next evening the session was at Mrs. Fox's residence, but the family were absent, so that the medium and the sitters alone occupied the house. Mr. L. sealed the windows, sealed and locked the doors, and placed heavy furniture against them; then searched the room thoroughly and extinguished the gas. Soon came the words: "I am here in form." Then a globular light appeared, with a crackling sound. After a time it became a head; veiled, then, but for a single instant only, Mr. L. recognized the features of Estelle. Then a figure was seen: all this being visible by phosphorescent or electrical lights in various parts of the room. During all this time, Mr. L. held both of the medium's hands. Then the mode of producing raps was shown: an orange-shaped luminous ball, with blunt point attached, bounding up and down on a table, and the sound of each rap coinciding with the approach of the ball to the tabletop.

It was somewhat later, however, that was first obtained. I copy from Mr. L.'s record:—

"No. 43. April 18, 1861. Wind south-west. Weather, fair. Having absolutely secured doors and windows, we sat in perfect quiet for half-an-hour, my faith becoming weak. Then we were startled by a tremendous rap on the heavy mahogany centre-table which, at the same time, rose and fell. The door was violently shaken, the windows opened and shut in fact, everything movable in the room seemed in motion. Questions were answered by loud knocks on the doors, on the glass of the windows, on the ceiling—everywhere.

THE CRUCIAL TEST

"Then an illuminated substance like gauze rose from the floor behind us, moved about the room, and finally came in front of us. Vigorous electrical sounds were heard. The gauze-like substance assumed the form of a human head, covered, the covering drawn close around the neck. It touched me; then receded and again approached. I recognized an oblong substance, concave on the side that was presented to us, and in this cavity the light was brilliant. Into this I looked intently for a face, but none appeared. Again it receded and again approached: this time I perceived an eye. A third time it moved backward, accompanied by electrical sounds, and when, a third time, it came close to me, the light had brightened, the gauze had changed in form; a female hand grasped it, concealing the lower part of a face; but the upper part was revealed: it was that of Estelle—eyes, forehead, and expression in perfect accordance with the emotion of recognition passed into my mind, it was acknowledged by a succession of quick raps from all parts of the room, as though an unseen audience expressed its applause.

"The figure reappeared several times, the recognition becoming each time more nearly perfect. Afterward, her head was laid upon mine, the hair falling over my face.

"Miss Fox (whose hands I had secured during all this time) and I sat about ten feet from the wall of the room which faced us. The light moved to a point about midway between us and the wall; the electrical crackling increased; the wall was illuminated, and brought an entire female figure facing that side of the room, the light apparently in one of her hands. The form remained in sight fully half-an-hour, and the movement was distinctly visible. Then came the message:

"Now see me rise:—

"And immediately, in full brightness, the figure rose to the ceiling, remained there a few moments suspended, then gently descending, disappeared.

"Afterward she showed herself between us and a mirror. The reflection of the figure in the glass was distinctly visible, the light being so bright as to show the veins in a marble slab beneath.

"Here a heavy shower of rain fell, and there was spoken: 'The atmosphere has changed. I cannot remain in form; whereupon both light and figure finally disappeared.'

"At a sitting held two days later, the following communication was received:—

"My heart is full of joy. We cannot be grateful enough to the giver of this great boon. I have seen your heart—the shadows that rested upon it, the lights that now glorify it. Be happy and fear not. Peace be with you always."

So far, the upper part of the face only had been seen; but on the evening after the above message was received (April 21), the complete test was obtained. After giving the details of various manifestations apparently of a phosphorescent character, Mr. Livermore said: "At last a luminous globe which had remained stationary some six feet to my left moved in front of me, and came within two feet of me. It was violently agitated, crackling sounds were heard, and a figure became visible by its light. Then there was revealed the full head and face of Estelle, every feature and lineament in perfect spiritualized in shadowy form, such as no imagination can conceive or pen describe. In her hair, above the left temple, was a single white rose; the hair being apparently arranged with great care. The entire head and face faded and then became visible again, at least twenty times; the perfection of recognition, in each case, being in proportion to the brilliancy of the light."

But, at this session, he, Mr. L., obtained other proof than that of sight to confirm the reality of the appearance. The head of the appearing figure rested for a time upon his, the luminous globe dropping over his face and into his hand. He said: "I laid hold of the hair, which seemed, to the touch, at first identical with human hair; but, after a brief space, it melted away, leaving nothing in my grasp."

"I have remarked that all communications obtained through Kate Fox were either—

"Of one kind, sometimes by Estelle's hand, sometimes by the hand of the medium, Mr. L. has observed that it could only be really by holding it against a mirror.

I select, at hap-hazard from numerous subsequent descriptions, the following:

"No. 66. June 2, 1861: 8.30 P.M. There came a refinder, by raps: 'Examine the room and take the keys of the doors; which I did. We had scarcely seated ourselves when there were violent movements, succeeded at first by raps from various parts of the room, then by terrific, crashing reports on the tabletop, like miniature thunderbolts, or loud discharges of electricity.

"A rustling succeeded; and a form stood beside me; its sphere permeating every fibre of my organization. Then there was rapping on the bark of my chair, afterward on my shoulders; and the figure, bending forward, placed a hand on my head. A bright light sprang up behind us; it rose, attended by electrical sounds. Then I was kissed on the head and a light but distinctly felt substance passed over me. Thereupon I raised my eyes and beheld the face of Estelle, plainly visible in front of the light, which now vibrated rapidly, throwing its fitful gleams upon such beauty as, in beings of this world, it is not given to us to witness. She looked at me with an expression radiant with happiness.

"At this point Miss Fox became so excited that her irrepressible exclamations of wonder and delight seemed momentarily to disturb the appearance; for it receded, not appearing again until she became calm; and this occurred several times. Simultaneously lights appeared, floating about in different parts of the room.

"A carl with which I had provided myself was then taken from my hand and, after a time, calmly returned to me. On it I found a communication beautifully written in pure, idiomatic French: not a word of which was understood by Miss Fox: she has no knowledge whatever of the language."

Passing over several intervening appearances on separate evenings, I find this, under date June 4:

"No. 81. Weather cool and pleasant. Wind north-west. After detailing sundry less important phenomena, Mr. L. proceeded:

"There were very distinct rustlings, and there rose, several feet above the table, a light so vivid as to illuminate all surrounding objects. As it approached me, a dark substance was suddenly interposed. This descended from the light and remained stationary about two feet from my eyes. Gradually it opened, disclosing a glimpse of Heaven and of an angel as bright as imagination can picture. The figure of Estelle stood there, the same pure, white rose in her tresses; features and expression absolutely perfect under a full blaze of light.

"Six or seven times in succession, this form, insistent with life and beauty, vanished and reappeared before my eyes. When perhaps a quarter of an hour had elapsed, figure and light both disappeared; but in a short time the light again showed itself; this time in a corner of the apartment, where it shone out so brightly that every article of furniture in that part of the room was distinctly visible. And then just plainly visible, stood a female figure, in full proportions, the back toward us, and a veil, apparently of shining gauze, covering the head, and dropping, in front, to the knees.

"I asked if she would raise her arm. She did so, and I perceived, inexpressibly grateful. No pen can describe the exquisite, transcendent beauty of what was this night revealed."

"I do not see how we can reject, or explain away, such evidence as the above, even if the record were arrested here. But what will the reader say when he is informed that more than THIRTEEN HUNDRED additional sittings were still to be held; all confirmatory of the above experiences.

It is impossible within the limits of this volume, to follow Mr. Livermore throughout this voluminous record. I can but pick out here and there, a few of the more salient and irrefutable results.

CORROBORATION THROUGHOUT SEVERAL YEARS.

Here is an item touching on the resemblances between this world and the next:

"No. 116. July 17, 1861. A succeeding appearance seems more nearly perfect. This evening, the figure of Estelle was surrounded by floating drapery of shining, white gauze. In her hand, held under her chin, was a bunch of flowers; and neck and bosom were completely covered with roses and violets.

"Where do you obtain these flowers? The answer was: 'This world is a counterpart of yours. We have all that you have—gardens and spiritual flowers in abundance.'

Next month came this, among many others:

"No. 116. August 29. The figure of Estelle appeared soon after we entered the room. She stood quietly while a light floated close to face, head, and neck; as if to show each part more distinctly. While we were looking on, her hair fell over her face, and she put it back several times with her hand. Her hair was dressed with roses and violets, beautifully arranged. This was the most perfect of her efforts: she appeared almost as distinctly as in life.

By her side stood a form, dressed, as we clearly saw, in a coat of what seemed dark cloth. Miss Fox became greatly alarmed and very nervous. Because of this, or for some other reason, the face of this second form was not visible, and it soon disappeared." [More of this figure hereafter.] The form of Estelle, however, remained.

Then we have an incident going to prove that an apparition may handle earthly objects. The weather being warm, Mr. Livermore had brought with him, and laid on the table before him, a fan. This was taken and held by her, in view of the eyes, was suddenly, and, in this record. Here is one:

"The figure must have been visible to us, during this sitting, for an hour and a half."

It appears that the robes with which it was invested, though they dissolved in the hand, had a certain materiality.

"No. 137. October 4. The figure of Estelle came in great vividness, and with extraordinary power. A light floated about the room, and she followed it, gliding through the air; at one time, her long, white robes sweeping over the table, and breaking from it pencils, paper, and other light objects, which fell to the floor."

DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

By the raps it was announced that the dark-robed figure which had once or twice appeared was that of Dr. Franklin; but no further proof of his identity was obtained until the sitting No. 162, of November 11. Then his face was first seen, by a light which seemed to be held by another figure. "If any judgment can be formed from original portraits of the man," Mr. L. says, "it will be no mistake to say that his identity. He was dressed in brown coat of the olden style, with white cravat; head very large, with whitish or grey hair behind the ears; the whole face radiant with intelligence, benevolence, and spirituality."

The next evening he came again. Here is the record: "The raps requested that a chair be placed for Dr. Franklin on the side of the table opposite to where I sat. But the idea of such a vis-a-vis made Miss Fox so nervous that I did not insist. After a time she became quiet, and we heard the chair moved to the desired spot."

"At this time the lights were dim; but I perceived a dark figure standing near me. Very soon it moved round the table, a rustling was heard, the lights brightened, and we saw what seemed the old philosopher himself seated in the chair; his entire form and dress in perfection. The vis-a-vis was the light, and so palpable (as it would again) the form before us, that its shadow was thrown upon the wall, precisely as if it had been a mortal seated there. The position was easy and dignified, one arm and hand on the table, the other bent forward. If I bowed to us, and I observed that it lay locks away with the movement. He sat opposite to us more than an hour. Finally, I asked him if he would draw nearer: whereupon figure and chair moved toward us, and our silent neighbor was in close proximity. Before he disappeared he rose from his chair; both face and form distinctly visible."

This was at Mrs. Fox's; but the sitting of November 30th was held in Mr. Livermore's own house. He tells us what he then and there saw:

"No. 173. Doors locked and sealed. Heavy convulsions and electric sounds; a chair repositioned into position; then a request for matches. These were taken from my hand, as I held them at arm's-length.

"After a time, the sound of friction, as in drawing a match, was heard; and, after several apparent efforts, a match ignited. By its light we saw that it was held by the figure, supposed that of Franklin, which appeared in perfection, dressed as before, only that the color of his coat showed more perfectly. But as soon as the match went out the figure disappeared."

"Afterward he reappeared (by match-light) ten or twelve times. The third time my hat was on his head, worn as by a living person; and then it was removed from his head to mine. The last time he appeared, the figure of Estelle showed itself, leaning on his shoulder; but Miss Fox became nervous, and her exclamations (apparently) caused the final disappearance of both figures. Then there came the following:

"This is what we have long labored to accomplish. You can now say that you have seen me by the light of earth. I will come again, in further proof."

"B. F."

This promise was kept on December 12; again, in Mr. Livermore's house. His record is:

"No. 179. At my own house. I had procured a dark lantern, covered with a cloth casing, and provided with a valve, so that I could throw a circle of light two feet in diameter on a wall ten feet distant."

"I placed this lantern, lighted, on the table and held the medium's hands. Soon it rose into the air and we were requested to follow, a form carrying the lantern, preceded us. The outline of this spirit-form was distinct, its white robes dropping to the floor. The lantern was placed on a bureau; and we stood facing a window which was between the bureau and a wall ten feet distant."

"When the lantern again rose, remaining suspended about five feet from the floor between the bureau and the mirror; and by its light, we discerned the figure of Franklin seated in my arm-chair by the window, in front of a dark curtain. For fully ten minutes at least, the light from the suspended lantern rested on his face and figure, so that we had ample time to examine both. At first the face seemed as if of actual flesh, the hair real, the eyes bright and so distinct that I clearly saw the whites. But I noticed that the gradually the whole appearance, including the eyes, was dominated by the earthly light and ceased to wear the aspect of life with which the forms I had seen by spiritual light were replete."

"Several times I was requested to adjust the valve; so as to allow more or less light; and this I did while the lantern remained suspended, or held by invisible power."

"At the close of this sitting we found written on a card:—

"SPRIT FLOWERS.

"No. 218. February, 1862. Sky clear; atmosphere cold. Doors and windows secured with sealing-wax."

"A carl which I had brought with me was taken from my pocket; a bright light rose from the table, and by it there was shown to us the carl, to the center of which there had been fixed what seemed a small bunch of flowers. The light rose and we were requested to light the gas. The flowers were a red rose, with green leaves and forget-me-nots; very beautiful, and apparently real."

"I inspected them for several minutes, at intervals; turning off the gas and relighting five or six times. The flowers still remained. Above them was written:—

"Flowers from our home in Heaven."

"Finally the flowers began to fade, and we were requested to extinguish the gas. When we did so, it was replaced by a spirit-light under which the flowers were again distinctly visible. Then, by the raps: 'Do not take your eyes off the flowers; watch them closely.'

"We did so. They gradually diminished in size, as we gazed, till they became mere specks; and then they disappeared before our eyes. When I lighted the gas, I found no trace of them on the carpet."

"Then I carefully examined the seals on the doors and windows, and found the intact."

Here is another item from the record of sitting 283, November 3, 1862:

"The hair of the figure (Estelle's) hung loosely over her face. I lifted it, so as to see her more perfectly. Then she rose into the air and passed over my head, her robe sweeping across my head and face."

And here is another of an incident that occurred during sitting 335, of December 31, 1862:

"Turned down the gas partially only. By its light I distinguished a hand, with white sleeve encircling the wrist. It held a flower which, with its stem, was about three inches long. I reached my hand to it; just at the moment my fingers touched it, there was a sharp snap, as from a powerful electric spark. Then I turned on the full gas. The hand, floating about, still held the flower; and after a time, placed it on a shelf of paper which lay on the table. It proved to be a pink rose bud with green leaves; to the touch it was cold, damp, and glutinous. Then a peculiar white flower, resembling a daisy, was presented. After a time they melted away. While this occurred the room was as light as day."

Under date October 31, 1863 (session 365), Mr. Livermore says: "I brought with me this evening, the dark lantern already described; and, as soon as the figure of Estelle appeared, I threw its light full on her. She quailed a little, but stood her ground, for some time, while I directed the light to her face and eyes, afterward to different parts of her dress. Her disappearance and I had the communication:—

"It was with the greatest difficulty that I could hold myself in form without disappearing."

Through all of the above experiences it will be observed that Mr. Livermore himself and the medium were the only witnesses; and it will suggest itself that the proof would have been more complete had others been admitted to the sittings. This did occur, during the latter years in which these experiments were made.

Miss Lottie Fowler in England.

On Friday evening a distinguished company assembled at 21, Green Street, Grosvenor Square, to witness Miss Lottie Fowler's powers as a test-medium. A circle of about twenty ladies and gentlemen having been formed, joined hands so as to constitute a battery, the medium taking her place among them. In a very short time it became obvious that she was passing into a trance, and after doing so she rapidly diagnosed the constitutional condition of several persons who were present, feeling their symptoms sympathetically. She then proceeded to describe the spirit-friends of some of the company, beginning with the grandfather of a lady, whose dress and appearance, together with the manner of his death, which resulted from an accident while in the discharge of his duties as a naval officer, were briefly but clearly described. She then went up to a gentleman, of whose connections she could know nothing, and informed him that his father and one of his brothers were dead, but that his mother and an elder brother were still alive, but not in this country; this being true to the letter. In this way she passed round the circle; assisting her descriptions of both living and deceased persons by a considerable amount of lively pantomimic gesture. Altogether, Miss Fowler struck us as the most impressive medium we had ever seen. Her mind is a moral camera that reflects the hue and form of every object brought within its range, whether by insight or sympathy, and we should decidedly advise all who are interested, either in psychology or Spiritualism, to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by her presence in London to witness a phase of mediumship which, at so exalted a stage of development, has not been previously manifested in the metropolis.—*Medium and Dispenser.*

GEORGE W. CHILDS, of the Philadelphia Ledger sent five thousand dollars to the Chicago sufferers the moment he returned from Europe; which is an excellent story.

MISS LAURA FAIR, during her imprisonment for the murder of Judge Chatfield, of California, has dramatized Owen Meredith's poem, "Lucille."

* Both Mrs. Fox and Mr. Livermore changed residences during the time these sittings were held; so that the phenomena were obtained in four different dwellings.

STATE CONVENTION.

Official Report of the Third Annual Meeting of the New Jersey State Society of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress, held at Plum Hill, Camden, N. J., Nov. 29th, 1871.

Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, by Henry T. Child, M.D.

The meeting was opened by a conference, in which Benj. F. Root, Dr. L. K. Cooley, and Dr. Child addressed the audience.

At 3 P.M. the meeting was called to order by the president, Susan P. Waters.

On motion of Dr. Cooley, the chair appointed a committee of seven, as a Business Committee, to arrange the order of business, to consider and report resolutions, and nominate officers for the ensuing year, viz:

Stacy Taylor, Susan Blakelock, Orrin Packard, Lydia A. Schofield, Dr. George Haskell, John Blatherwick, and Dr. Henry T. Child. On motion of B. F. Root, a Special Committee of five was appointed, Dr. Cooley, Dr. Mary Henck, S. Minnie Shumway, Eliza L. Ashburner, and John T. Chew.

During the absence of the business committee, Susan C. Waters addressed the meeting on the present aspect of the cause.

The business committee reported the following resolutions, which were read and considered, and after free discussion, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved: That Spiritualism is not simply an announcement that man never dies, sustained by evidence most unmistakable; its most important testimony and proofs are that we are spirits now and here.

Resolved: That Spiritualism is not alone a belief, but a practical work, and in order to prove our allegiance to it, we must not only believe something, know something, but do something for the uplifting of the race. Hence the true Spiritualist must take hold of all the live issues of the hour and work.

Resolved: That we recognize truth as immortal and eternal, and our knowledge of it as gradual and progressive; each day should find us gathering some new truth and scattering it broadcast over the world of humanity.

Resolved: That, as societies, and as individuals, Spiritualists owe to themselves and to the world the evidence of the practical nature and tendency of their knowledge.

Resolved: That in the universal tendencies which our corruptible society is in the efforts of mankind to become emancipated, physically, mentally, socially, and spiritually, we discover the best and most healthy indications that have ever been presented to the world. These are not to be taken as a mere anarchy, but only to the agitation which must lead to order and harmony.

Resolved: That in the great conflict of ideas that now going on, while we know that the noble stand forth in the front of the battle, and respect those who honestly oppose them, we can have no respect for feelings of indifference in an hour like this.

Resolved: That we demand free speech, a free press, and the right to proclaim the truth to all mankind as we believe it is adapted to their needs.

Dr. Cooley said: I would like to know what is meant by "live issues." I think there are many persons who are not aware of any great excitement in the intellectual, social, or moral world, and they may not understand anything about "live issues," without we state what they are. I do not believe that we should not respect persons for their opinions. I approve of the resolutions, and shall vote for them.

Dr. H. T. Child remarked: I do not think it is the province of any individual, or of this association, or any other, to define what are "live issues,"—all we have a right to ask is, that the soul shall be untrammelled, and as it acts freely, it will reveal the "live issues" all around it. Spiritualists, as a body, have, perhaps, realized as fully as any others, that woman's suffrage, the relations of capital and labor, the temperance cause, and the peace reform, are among the "live issues" of the day, although I am aware that some timid ones are afraid that when Spiritualism by connecting these causes with it, the Spiritualism that has thrilled our souls with a new life, and called forth our highest allegiance, has for its object the elevation of man, by the reformation of all the conditions which affect him, either collectively or individually, in an injurious manner. I believe that we have discovered that the most fruitful causes of evil are ignorance and selfishness, and that their removal can only effectually be brought about by the diffusion of knowledge among all classes. As to the question of not respecting persons, I agree with Dr. Cooley entirely, and we are true to our highest and holiest natures we shall not only respect but love every human being as a child of our Father, God. There are times when I can do this, and these are just the times when I am most sensible of the sins that are going on, and I am most ready to forgive. Spiritualism has taught us this great lesson, that sinners are not found alone in what are known as the purities of vice and crime, the low haunts of men, but there are men and women occupying high positions, religiously, socially, and politically, in the garden of God, whose souls the weeds of vice and crime have grown until their odor would compel them to leave respectable associates, were it not that they have found the means, through wealth or position, to procure the vile perfume of false profession and hypocrisy, with which they have partially succeeded in disguising their offensiveness. It is from such as those that spirits would tear away the mask.

We are sent forth into the world not to look for the vile and disgusting things, but for diamonds—we are all to be diamond hunters. Do you know, friends, that the most precious thing in finding these, next to the existence of the diamond itself, is to know that they are in the locality. For thousands of years the ignorant inhabitants of those countries where diamonds are found have walked over them and never discovered a single one. When the first one was found, and its value ascertained, then all who knew this had their attention turned in the proper direction, and thousands were found. The so-called Christian Church for many centuries has been teaching that men are all totally depraved; that there are no diamonds among them; that the blackest charcoal represents them.

Spiritualism, with the light of its love lamp, and the penetration of its wisdom, has seen through the darkness, and shown us clearly that in every human being, as a child of God, there is a common life that may be small, just beginning to crystallize, but somewhere, and at some time it will be brought forward as a bright jewel, shining in the diadem of immortality, on the brow of the soul.

We are finding these diamonds now every day among the people. Let us go forward earnestly with our work, and endeavor to show every child of God first, that they have these jewels of immortality, and then how they may by good deeds and noble work bring them forth, and they may shine not only upon themselves, but upon all around them.

The following address was delivered by Mrs. Frances Kingman, of Connecticut:

The utterances of the good and great in the spirit land, friends, do not always come to us in direct message through the lips of mediums; our inmost souls are thrilled with voiceless influences, which we cannot escape if we would. I do not speak or write in the trance state, or

what is termed the inspirational state, but I believe every lower form of life to be the recipient of the higher forms, and every person who feels impelled to work for a public good, a good of the wise and good communications of the Creator.

The following I have penned, and am addressed to you, by a different, more forcible and mightier power than ever in life I have realized. It came upon me with a sweetest assurance, and I have very many more reasons, seeming to whisper, "Do our will."

I am led to ask you questions which I trust you will answer, not hastily, not to-day, not to-morrow, but when you have realized that God rules us, not men or women, we are only his expressions, the instruments through which he brings forth his moral developments and growths of all kinds. I ask you to answer me when you are willing to acknowledge God can see farther than we can; that the angels have facilities for prophesying and deciding upon those acts which shall govern the people far above ours. I ask you not to answer anybody unless you have very many more reasons, as behold the results of the seemingly pernicious causes which to-day are leavening the whole lump, political, religious, and social.

I ask you in the name of high heaven to realize that the hour has arrived when we are to cast aside all conceit, egotism, and self-righteousness, and acknowledge that we do not govern the world, but that we are governed by the self-executing law, whose tools we are, every one of us, some for good—others for bad. Therefore, what is the meaning of the present universal, religious, political, social excitement?

What is the meaning of this wholesale exposure of false ideas? this wide world explanation of corrupt private and public life? What means it, that Victoria C. Woodhull and every other true man and woman on the face of this earth, have sprung forth like moral lions and have taken the blackest language of the man who so long and patiently have been sucking the life of the nation away, who have been cuddled and fondled by traditional propriety, and customary respectability? What means it, that just at this special season in the nineteenth century the most honored ex-editor of the *Independent*, a pure, received, and the hearts of Christian families and dogmized religious and moral literature (how terribly the respected Tilton must have become demoralized in that little step between the *Independent* and the *Golden Age*, and is it hardly the *Golden Age* and *Golden Age* defense of an honest woman that our honorable and honored friend) has so degenerated and demoralized? But what means the attack upon him by the self-righteousness of church, press, polity, and Mrs. Grundy's extensive knowledge of the conduct of the world? What means it that that self-executing law, the God of the worlds, has risen through the mouths of the few disciples of nature to dare everything and speak the utterances of truth? Those prophetic repetitions given into ancient cities, ere they were swallowed up in the waves of the sea, and the world was no more. What means it that a woman has dared the fierce lions of falsehood in their dens? Remember the mouths were once sealed and Daniel escaped unhurt; perchance the hideous creature snarled and growled and craved the blood of the prophet, but God saw that they did not get it.

And another Daniel has been into the lions den, and still lies in the way of the fierce beasts, but the moral law has a muzzle over their mouths. You know who I mean; one who needs no protection from the weapons of men, and who needs no help from a higher power shields her, a power which all the Greeleyes and trifling reporters and sanctified moralities of earth cannot affect. I cite this Daniel—the prophetess, because she is sent forth from the mouth of nature's cannon upon the principles of the common law, and the Scribblers and Pharisees and stifle them. What means it that the whole nation has risen to blacken its tongue in lies, and stain honest escutcheon by miserable misrepresentation? And there springs into my mighty benefit from the stern texts this "march" takes, and the march shows our ignorance thus we have given credit for. The projection of these natural rocks hurled at the heads of falsehood—rottenness, have been better than a census for averaging the common sense, perceptions, understanding powers of the Anglo-Saxon race, especially. There is a huge outcry from the lips of the Pharisees, and the people do not know what they are talking about. The author of the present agitation on the subject is vilified, mocked because prostitution means *legality*, and *free love* means *immoral law*. Do you suppose, she advocates the free love of men and women, quarrels, divorces? Never. These are the very things she is striving to put down.

When she says she has a right to change her love every day—to love whom she will—where she will, she does not mean prostitution; she means that nature will assert her freedom outside of every human law—she means, that the stern texts of the common law, take only one thing, and it can never mean anything. It means that *true* soul attraction is easily recognized; it admits no question. Policy cannot interfere; it brings no such thing that parades "advantageous marriage." *True love*, the stern texts of the common law, take only one thing, and it can never mean anything. It means that *true* soul attraction is easily recognized; it admits no question. Policy cannot interfere; it brings no such thing that parades "advantageous marriage." *True love*, the stern texts of the common law, take only one thing, and it can never mean anything. It means that *true* soul attraction is easily recognized; it admits no question. 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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1871.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

The Strange Light—The Indians—The Dead Gods—The Army of Progress Advancing, and God Retreating.

(NUMBER LXVI.)

On one of our western prairies there lived a gentleman of an investigating turn of mind, whose whole time was devoted to studying the history and peculiar habits of the Indians. They worshipped the Great Spirit, they saw him in all the manifestations of life—saw him in the moving clouds, heard him in the wind, witnessed his smile in the lightning's flash, gazed with astonishment and awe at the wild turbulent storm and tornado. Believing in the existence of the Great Spirit, they pictured for themselves in the Spirit World, all those scenes which their vivid imaginations could give expression to here. The forests were full of deers, the river of fishes, the sky always bore a deep cerulean appearance, the breezes were impregnated with the balm of a thousand flowers, and all nature seemed to conform to their peculiar notions. The Indian in his leafy home, listening to the tread of the wild gazelle or deer, or under the luxuriant branches of the trees, holding communion with the Spirit World, exhibited at times that true nobility and grandeur of soul that any white man might well be proud of. Their devotion was peculiar; their worship without ostentation or affectation. Reared in the forest, cultured in the school of nature, there bubbled in their soul a strange sentiment, that found expression in all conditions of life. The Indian, however, must have his God—he knows one exists, and whenever an obstruction confronts him that his mind cannot comprehend, or eyes detect its peculiar nature, he forthwith declares that the Great Spirit is connected therewith! But once upon a time we witnessed a strange communion among several tribes of Indians who had collected together to hold a council in reference to their mutual interests. They were in a dense forest. The night was unusually dark—the heavens seemed to be covered by one dense, dark, dismal cloud, that beat back the light of the stars and moon. There was a gentle breeze stirring, but all through that vast throng there was a strange ominous silence. All at once, high in the heavens, a bright blue light, tinged with orange color, made its appearance, and oscillating to and fro, presented really a beautiful spectacle. Soon this vast throng of human beings had their attention directed toward this light, and it created the wildest panic. What a strange light—was it a will of the wisest that had come to play upon the superstitious mind of the Indians, and to excite within it some notion in regard to the future? All the eyes in that surging mass were on that bright light that oscillated over their heads like the pendulum of a clock. It burned brightly; shedding its blue rays tinged with orange red on those Indians, it kindled within them the wildest enthusiasm. What was it? In that dense forest, far away from civilization, a strange phenomenon had taken place, and the untutored Indians finally concluded it was the eye of the Great Spirit that had opened to witness the culmination of their deliberations. By and by the light grew dimmer and dimmer, until only a spark could be seen, when it disappeared altogether. The next day this strange occurrence was the principle topic of conversation. The eye of the Great Spirit had been opened to witness the proceedings of their council, and they rejoiced in being his favored children. The next night the same light reappeared, only much more distant, as there was quite a breeze blowing at the time. In its pendulum-like motion, it moved with more grace, and at times would describe a circle, as if eyeing the multitude below. The interest in this peculiar manifestation seemed to increase, and those present were loud in their exclamation of delight that the Great Spirit had seen fit to open one of his eyes upon them. After remaining there, for an hour, it gradually dis-

appeared as on the night previous. The third night it came again, presenting a bright orange light, and remaining the usual time, disappeared. The next night, another colored light came forth, but soon vanished, and was never seen again. This, indeed, was a strange phenomenon—one calculated to excite within the mind of these untutored Indians a superstitious feeling. They knew it was the eye of the Great Spirit, and among that vast throng, there was not one who dissented from that opinion. But we knew differently—an ingenious Yankee had sent a kite forth with this light upon it, and the superstitious notions of the Indians were aroused, and they converted it into the "eye" of the Great Spirit. They could not see the ingeniously constructed kite, or the string that held it in its place, or the lamp that contained the oil, hence, what else would you ascribe the phenomenon to but a supernatural agency? All through the earth's sphere, in all departments of life, in every condition of society, the same contracted notions exist in reference to God. Some place him in a golden-paved heaven where angels with wide-spread wings and golden harps are constantly before him, chanting his praise; others enlarge the eye of the Great Spirit until it fills all space, while others, assign him various places in creation, which their own imagination can alone picture.

The Indians who witnessed that light little thought that an ingenious Yankee was instrumental in sending it to the heavens to excite within their mind peculiar notions in reference to Deity. There was an obstruction to their understanding—their mind could not interpret its nature, or penetrate its meaning, and, like all pagan or Christian people, they ascribed a God thereto. Render the obstruction transparent, so all can see its interior workings, and at that very moment the God within it will take his departure like a coward, like a miserable poltroon, and he will not stop his retreat until he finds another obstruction to the understanding of man, and there he will remain, until the nature of that is comprehended, and thus onward forever!

The world to-day needs plain talk. The old Orthodox philosophers are not all dead; they are constantly seeing "lights" in the heaven, and like the illiterate Indians, ascribe a God thereto. Obstructions to our progress, to our advancement, always contain something for a time that the human mind cannot grasp. When thoroughly understood, the God vanishes like a will o' the wisp. It is true that in that little light which oscillated above the heads of those Indians, the more advanced children of earth connect no God therewith; but with those "greater lights," with Jupiter, Uranus, Mars, Venus, and the Sun, that deck the firmament, they know a God is connected with them—impossible for it to be otherwise! But as God vanished from the lesser light, so will he vanish from the greater lights that shed their soft silvery influence from the sky above. As he retreated from the former, so he will from the latter!

It is said that God was connected with the Chicago conflagration—ordered it—sent the Fire Fiend with torches to proceed the flames. The Rev. Granville Moody of the Methodist church in Cincinnati has been preaching an occasional sermon on "Fire"—in his preliminary prayer alluded to the calamity which has befallen Chicago, and attributed it to the fact that the city recently gave a majority vote against Sunday and the Liquor Laws. The Rev. Mr. Moody likewise found in the fire "a retributive judgment on a city which has shown such a devotion in its worship to the Golden Calf." The Rev. Mr. Moody is clearly of the opinion that when cities sink to a certain depth of iniquity, the Almighty makes it his particular business to destroy them; and the following are cited as instances of those which either have been destroyed, or may expect to be destroyed, on account of their sins.

Cincinnati,	Babylon,	Sodom,
Zelobin,	New York,	Jerusalem,
Gomorrah,	Herculaneum,	Boston,
Tyre,	Zoan,	Pompeii,
	Chicago.	

Mr. Moody true to the promptings of his own ignorance and diminutive intellect, sees in this large fire a God. Had he witnessed that "lesser light" in the forest, he would have regarded that, too, as a visitation of God. Just one step in advance of the Negro and Indian, like a bigoted ignoramus, he steps aside from common sense, and makes the most ridiculous assertions that we ever heard uttered by any person who pretended to be endowed with common sense. His ignorance, his obtuse intellect, his want of comprehension prompts him to accept a dogma that will vanish like a dew-drop before the hot rays of the sun, when he shall have advanced sufficiently up progression's ladder.

Obstructions to our progress originate all the gods the world to-day has, or ever did have. The moment your eye can penetrate them, the moment they become illuminated to the mind can understand their nature, the God therein becomes ashamed of himself, and off he goes to the next, determined to keep forever out of the sight of the children of earth. No longer connected with that light that so dazzled the eyes of the Indians, no longer are his smiles in the lightning's flash, or his groans heard in the moaning thunder—he has gone to other obstructions, has retreated to the vast and complicated machinery of the heavens—none but a God could have originated it, or kept its wheels moving so regular in the performance of their respective duties.

Look out, O God! the children of earth are approaching you! The voice of spirits is no longer your voice! The army of progress is marching onward. Armed with the arts and sciences, and commanded by skillful generals, they have driven you from many conditions of life. You have heard the tramp of this mighty phalanx, feared their approach and been com-

pelled to retreat. Behind them the ground is covered with the ghastly remains of unnumbered souls. The Orthodox God, hideous in his moral aspect, hideous in all his transactions with men, is prostrate on the ground a putrid mass. Brahmin the Hindoo's god, lies near him, while on all sides may be seen the deities of more primitive times. Before them is the grand Army of Progress. On it goes; its aim is upward toward the starry heights. Behind it were obstructions, but brave, skillful and vigilant—it overcame them, drove the imaginary god therefrom. Thus, it will ever be. The gods of one age are destroyed by the advance of civilization. They are only weeds, obnoxious plants, that germinate in the mind when it sees an obstruction by nature that it cannot surmount. Pluck them up. Do not allow them to create superstitious feelings, or overshadow your mind with a poisonous influence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Calamities—Their Author—Is there a Compensation?

In discussing this subject in our last issue, we confined ourselves to that supposed greatest calamity that ever did or ever can befall mankind; a calamity that reaches the whole human family; a calamity (in a theological sense), that can only be compensated for in part, at best, by the sacrifice of Jesus, the Christ, the son of God—the very God!

A calamity indeed, if the hypothesis be true! A calamity that "brought death into the world," and all the evils incident to human life, "all our woes."

In that article, taking a theological view of the subject, we showed that but for the transgression of the first human pair, ignorance would, as a matter of necessity, abound everywhere—that there would and could be no advancement in knowledge but for the transgression of "our first parents," in "partaking of 'the forbidden fruit,' it being fruit from 'the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.' And we showed that however great the sufferings may be that humanity under that curse endures, it is fully and amply compensated for by the daily knowledge we obtain through experience.

We further showed that the plain import of the language made use of by the inspired writer (as all wisdom is from the spirit of inspiration), was that through experience gained by the violation of natural laws, the eyes of the allegorical first parents were opened to perceive their nakedness—their destitution.

The opening of their mental eyes led them to avoid those things which produce further pain and suffering in the same direction. They saw that suffering from exposure to the frosts of winter could be avoided by the use of proper clothing. Thus they saw that they were naked and set about clothing themselves, as a means of comfort.

Thus it is seen that the mythological report of "the first parents," "the garden of Eden," "the serpent beguiling Eve," "the partaking of 'the forbidden fruit,'" "an angry God," "the driving of the first pair out of the garden of Eden," is an allegorical and symbolical representation, systematized by thoughtful minds from traditions which were based in great philosophical principles, true in principle but not in literal facts, and all couched in figurative language in which are incorporated symbols to represent truths, not beings, places, things, and doings.

This supposed account of creation, when properly understood, is but the reflection of thinking minds who perceived the great truth that all knowledge comes through severe experience, and oftentimes is the result of great calamities, hence they represented it under the figure of a God of passion dealing with disobedient creatures, for violating his command in partaking of fruit, which brought suffering but at the same time wisdom or knowledge into the world.

This view of the subject being correct, it at once solves the problem—there is a compensation for the greatest of calamities.

But the mind is so constituted that a single illustration, however forcibly put, is not sufficient to extricate the mind from a contrary preconceived opinion. The subject must be more elaborately presented. It must be discussed from different standpoints. Many apparent evils must be discussed, and the mind must investigate different phases of calamities, that it may see where the compensation exists; and that shall be our task.

The next great allegorical calamity that befel the human family, after the earth became peopled through the sufferings of mother Eve and her female descendants (Gen. iii, 16), which by slow degrees taught her and them, to some extent, the laws governing parturition and the proper means to avoid suffering thereby, was the terrible catastrophe of inundating the earth with a flood of water.

Although this is allegorical—floods in the early period of the world being frequent—yet the lesson taught is in substance that a wise man, foreseeing that the country he lived in was subject to inundations, constructed a rudimentary vessel, capable of saving himself and family from drowning, and took the precaution to provision the same for a period of time sufficient to sustain them until the waters subsided.

His example being imitated and improved upon, has at length resulted in the beautiful floating palaces of the present day. Is not the commerce of the world, floated upon rivers, lakes, seas, and oceans a compensation for the Biblical allegory of Noah's Flood? Did it not instruct in, and was it not the starting point of ship building, and the very basis of navigation, and out of which has grown the commerce of nations with nations? And is there not a compensation, ample even if the allegorical account were literally true? But it is distinctly understood that we do not cite the account as a li-

eral fact, but simply as an allegory to show that the author, whoever he might be, that was inspired to give it utterance, understood the fact that all knowledge comes through trials and tribulations, and men are only moved to resort to other and untried expedients for better conditions by absolute necessity, to avoid a dangerous or painful calamity which they fear may overtake them but for precautions to guard against them.

Another favorable view of the great calamity, "the flood," provided it was all true. Geology teaches us that the finest soils are composed from the disintegrated rocks, caused by exposure to sunlight, frosts, and constantly changing climates, which have been washed by floods innumerable, in the early ages of the earth, from mountain to valleys, sweeping over extensive plains and depositing the pulverized debris upon the surface of extended valleys and plains—it being lighter than the coarser particles would, as a matter of necessity, be the last to gravitate to the solid mass below.

Thus it will be seen that an incalculable amount of compensation resulted from "Noah's Flood," even if it be believed in a literal sense. The many generations who have appeared since Father Noah's flood have reason to be thankful that the world was so wicked that God had to drown all but Noah and his family with a flood to get rid of them, if he could not produce the same results as those from "the flood" by any other means, of which there is no evidence. The fable tells us that the Garden of Eden was rich and productive. Science shows us that the rich, productive soils of the earth result from disintegration and floods.

The rich farming lands, the extended prairies, but for floods would to-day be sterile rocks or but coarse debris, crumbling from mountain sides by the force of gravitation, unfit for vegetable production.

We say bless the old sinners who provoked Moses' God to "open the windows of heaven" so wide as to produce a big flood; aye, we thank the powers that existed, be they sinners, Moses' God, or whatever they or it might be, that has given millions of floods in the comparative infancy of our globe, to pulverize the rocks, carry the debris from one part of the earth to another, moving and spreading it out, or depositing it in valuable beds, some of it in rich alluvial deposits, others in valuable mineral beds, for the millions of intelligent beings who now exist and will continue in ages to come to exist, from the fact that conditions have thus been made favorable for their existence upon the face of the earth.

But for floods the earth would be to-day a vast, rocky, burning waste, destitute of vegetation and animal life. What a glorious compensation, even for the millions of lives that have been destroyed by the later floods, the floods which nature produced repeatedly, even since the earth progressed far enough to produce vegetation, animal life, and even man. We doubt not, very many floods have happened which were truly terrific, and in which asks would be the only means of safety from the drowning of whole tribes, to say nothing of the unnumbered floods that occurred even before a spear of vegetation appeared upon the earth, indeed before it could find soil for a matrix in which it could be developed.

Thus we are led to the conclusion that the two greatest calamities that mankind are in the habit of referring to as recorded in the "Holy Bible," and the two in which we are daily taught by theologians, that the Divine vengeance was most fully outwrought, as a punishment for the sins of his children, were the means of producing the greatest blessings that could be bestowed upon humanity, to wit, the partaking of the forbidden fruit by "our first parents," and the wickedness of the people which "provoked God to drown the world with a flood," were the means of producing the greatest blessings that could be bestowed upon humanity. First, by opening their eyes to know good and evil, to get wisdom. Secondly, by producing a soil capable of producing the vegetable and animal products that yield all the comforts of life. O what a world this would be, if all mankind were destitute of the knowledge of good and evil; so ignorant as not to know that they were naked when they were nude. And what a world to live in this would be if there had never been a show of a flood to inspire a Noah with the thought of ship building, and a flood in fact to produce the rich deposits for the development of vegetable and animal life.

Again we say, thanks to the "old serpent" for "beguiling Eve," to Eve for seducing Adam, to Adam for listening to her womanly advice. Aye, and thanks to the old sinner who provoked God to "open the windows of heaven," and pour out the torrents that drowned the world.

Hereafter we may be inspired to search and find other blessings as a result of other calamities—forthcoming numbers of the JOURNAL will demonstrate results.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, the celebrated healing medium, is permanently located at her own residence, 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, and continues to diagnose and prescribe for all phases of sickness with most wonderful success.

Persons can address her by letter enclosing a lock of the sick person's hair, and get a true diagnosis of the disease and a curative remedy by mail. Her diagnoses and prescriptions are all given while under spirit control. Indeed the cures are performed by the direct intervention of spirit presence and power, as has often been attested by the sick persons who have been cured. The power of healing by spirit, through mediums is one of the most remarkable and valuable phenomena of modern Spiritualism. See her advertisement in another column.

Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

For the last four years we have had a specific fund entitled as above.

The object of this fund is to enable all who desire to do so, to add a class of people to read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL who are unable to subscribe and pay for the same.

The appeal of that class to the proprietor of this paper has never been made in vain. About one per cent. of the expense of free subscriptions has been paid out of that fund; the balance has been borne by the publisher.

All widows, orphans, and aged people who desire to read this paper but feel too poor to pay for it, on request, will have it sent to them marked F. W. O., which means free, and charged to the Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

Since the fire several kind-hearted people have donated small sums to aid us in buying a new outfit. The money is very timely, and we most sincerely thank the donors for the same. Money is hard to be got at this time, "every dollar counts"; but as we have often said before, notwithstanding we found ourselves greatly embarrassed by the terrible destruction of property on which our insurance is of little or no value, even to one-half more than our good brother, Dr. Child, mentioned in the second miniature JOURNAL we issued since the fire, yet we wholly disclaim being an object of charity.

All sums donated to us will be passed over to the credit of the above-named fund, and those who make such donations are respectfully requested to name the persons to whom they would like to have the JOURNAL sent free, to the full amount of their respective donations, and it shall be done.

If in any case parties making such donations shall fail to mention to whom the paper shall be sent free, we shall apply their money for the first applicants.

Received and placed to the credit of the Widow's and Orphan's Fund:

Amount previously acknowledged.....	\$403.45
Thomas Boggs, Melvern, Kansas.....	1.00
by letter from S. E. Whetlock.....	2.10
1. F. Horton, Chicago, Ill.....	1.00
Capt. J. Cook, Oakland, Cal.....	3.00
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Calo, Cal.....	1.00
W. N. Bishop, Lumberton, N. J.....	1.50

Sent to the Wrong Place.

Some of our friends fear because their credits do not promptly appear on the margin of the paper or wrapper, correct, that they have sent their remittances to the wrong street and number. Have no fears, friends. It is a big thing to be burnt out in the big conflagration of Chicago, and get everything in perfect order again.

Our regular printed mail lists will not be done for some time yet. When they are completed it will be announced in the JOURNAL. Then will be the time for everybody to look to it, and if not correct, advise us of the error and it shall be corrected.

Our name and Publishing House is so well known at the Chicago Post Office, that all letters addressed to S. S. Jones, or the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, will be forwarded to us whether the number and street be correct or otherwise.

Again we say, be patient, if you only get the paper. If you do not get that, write immediately.

Notice.

Some people seem to think that when they send a postoffice money order that it will not do to send therewith a letter, telling what to do with the remittance, but must send that in a separate envelope. It is a mistake, send your money order and letter all in one envelope.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote cured me from the use of tobacco. And I heartily recommend it to any and all who desire to be cured. Thank God I am now free after using the weed over thirty years.

LORENZO MEYER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectively destroyed my appetite or desire for tobacco.

DAVID O'HARRA.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 13th, 1871.

I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use. Have no desire for it.

F. H. SPARKS.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 23th, 1871.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free, with no desire or hankering for it.

GEORGE A. BANKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

Mr. R. T. Wyman, of Waukau, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. Inclosed find two dollars. Please send me a box.

D. H. FORBES.

Oshkosh, Wis., Sept. 19, 1871.

For sale at this office. \$2.00 per box. Sent free of postage by mail. Address Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 130 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

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Microscopes.

Our entire stock was destroyed by the fire. A new supply was at once ordered, and our importers inform us that they are daily looking for the arrival of a large invoice from Paris (where they are manufactured), when our order will receive immediate attention. We shall undoubtedly be able to fill all standing orders before the end of the month.

Mr. CYRUS W. FIELD is going to Rome to attend a convention of the principal telegraph companies of the world, which is to be held in that city next month. Mr. Field is pushing forward the scheme of a telegraph around the world, the only link yet to be furnished being that between San Francisco and China, by way of the Sandwich Islands.

ption to the JOURNAL. The balance please ap-
on next year's subscription, for I can not con-
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follow the name of the disease.—("P" standing
for Positive, "N" for Negative, and "P & N"
for Positive and Negative.

Neuralgia, P. 4,157; Dyspepsia, P. 2,974; Asthma, P.
2,215; Catarrh, P. 967; Chills and Fever, P & N, 2,418;
Rheumatism, P. 1,738; Painful Menstruation, P. 1,497;
Suppressed Menstruation, P. 1,634; Female Weaknesses,
P. 1,561; Fever, P. 1,296; Amaurosis (Blindness), N, 63;
Coughs and Colds, P. 2,789; Heart Disease, P. 663; Dia-
phoria, P. 1,114; Headache, P. 1,841; Dysentery, P. 1,346;
Liver Complaint, P. 750; Pains and Aches, P. 481;
Drafness, N, 81; Brucellosis, P. 323; Piles, P. 318; Chol-
era, P. 112; Worms, P. 386; Inflammations, P. 971; Paraly-
sis, N, 74; Acidity of the Stomach, P. 334; Earache, P.
436; Toothache, P. 333; Flatulency, P. 363; Hysteria, P.
81; Diptheria, P. 68; Spontaneous Hemorrhage (Spontaneous
Weakness), P. 1,681; Erysipelas, P. 302; Constipation, P. 386;
Loss of Taste and Loss of Smell, N, 22; Nervousness, P.
472; St. Vitus' Dance, P. 83; Disease of the Prostate
Gland, P. 63; Scatolia, P. 28; Sleeplessness, P. 1,468; Tu-
mors and Cancer, P. 28; Falling of Womb, P. 317; Invol-
untary Urination, N, 18; Infertility, P. 276; Dumb Ague,
P & N, 381; Scrofula and Scrofulous Sore Eyes, P. 673;
Typhoid and Typhus Fever, N, 634; Kidney Disease, P.
871; Miscellaneous Diseases, such as Fever Sore, P.
Sore Eyes, P. Convulsions, P. Pila, P. Diabetes, P.; Chol-
era, P.; Cramps, P.; Consumption, P.; Croup, P.; Diseases
of the Skin, P.; Gout, P.; Insanity, P.; Jaundice, P.;
Threatened Abortion, P.; Quinley, P., etc.—323.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 30, 1871.

VOL. XI.—NO. 15.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Religious-Philosophical Journal.
"JOSE at THE GATE."
BY E. F. CORT.
When first I knew her, young and fair,
And sought to win her as my mate,
She often used to meet me there,
Dear, loving Josie at the gate.
And then, still later on in life,
In matrimony's blessed state,
She met me there, my darling wife—
My own dear Josie at the gate.
Alas! it was not long to be,
For he who comes so soon or late,
Death—came and took away from me
My darling Josie at the gate.
Yet now I know her bright and fair,
And still I seek her as my mate,
I'm sure she's waiting for me there—
My angel Josie at the gate.
Brooklyn, Sept., 1871.

JOSE'S REPLY.
BY H. A. BEACH.
Two days have sped their rapid course, and months their record made
Since death the soul with tender care my earthly form
The eyes that watched your coming in those happy days
Of youth, their light grew dim to scenes of earth to shine on heav-
en's shore.
And while your bitter tears fell hot upon my lifeless
cheek,
Angels were joying o'er my birth to realms of endless
day.
And, did you know it, dearest? I stood there by your
side,
And looked upon that mouldering form—the only part
that died.
I tried to make you feel, beloved, as then you mourned
my fate,
Thus still your darling Josie lived—still loved you as her
mate.
That I was just as near you then as 'e'er before in life,
And death had not dissolved the tie that held me as your
wife.
And, do you know it, dearest? In all your hours of care,
When you have mourned your loneliness, and wished
for Josie there,
I have even then been near you, and sought to soothe
and cheer,
And sometimes you have quite believed that Josie still
was near.
And often, too, as you have stood, and looking up on
high,
Have thought of heaven as far away beyond the starry
sky.
I've wished I could but touch your eyes, and make you
see and know
That the mortal and immortal still hand in hand may
go.
How I've longed to have you realize that heaven is not
far:
In the shadow of its walls you walk, and its gates are
wide ajar.
And not alone you journey to meet life's joys and woes,
For in all the weary paths you tread your Josie with you
goes.
And the love which ever made us one, as toiled on life's
rough wars,
Death had no power to touch or chill—it bridges o'er the
grave.
And when your footsteps draw near home, be it early,
be it late,
I'll meet you as in olden time, with kisses at the gate.
Brooklyn, Oct., 1871.

From the Rochester, N. Y., Evening Express.
MARVELS AT MORAVIA.

Startling Spiritual Manifestations.—A Correspondent who recently visited Moravia thus describes what is daily occurring there.
Erie, Penn.—Fifteen miles south of Auburn, N. Y., on the Southern Central Railroad, near Onasco Lake, in a lovely valley, nestling between beautiful hills, is the village of Moravia, containing nearly fifteen hundred inhabitants. On the hill-side, about one mile distant, north-east from the depot, in the residence of MORRIS KIEHLER, which, during the past year, has been visited by so many from all parts of the country, to witness manifestations and revelations (more startling and wonderful in many respects than have occurred in modern, if not in ancient times) through the mediumship of Mrs. MARY ANDREWS, now residing in the village of Moravia.
About fifteen years ago, while living in the Kanawha family—at the age of fourteen—she evinced remarkable mediumistic powers in the line of "table tipping," "tapping," etc. Ten years ago she was "introduced," and spoke with eloquence upon profound subjects—foretelling that which would occur eight years from that time. She predicted that "face and form" of "departed ones" would appear in Mr. K.'s house, that they would converse, sing, preach, prophesy, and attract there thousands from east, west, north, and south. Mr. K. told them (the spirits) many times that he could not believe it, that they were lying spirits; that they were sent to "deceive," as was foretold in holy writ. What was prophesied by or through this uneducated girl has been fulfilled

to the letter, as hundreds of reliable witnesses have testified, and are ready to reaffirm. If predictions made through Mrs. A., and through audible voices, powerful and eloquent, are to be realized during the next few years—we are on the eve of great events—revolutionary for good, intellectually, morally, and spiritually, beyond the power of language to describe. We will unfold the nature of one of the mysteries that cluster around that plain, unpretending people who are astonishing the world.
Mr. and Mrs. K., having no children, thought a few years ago, that they would build a small farm house—their old one being nearly worn out. The spirits told them to build a spacious house to accommodate the thousands who would soon come; to arrange it with a flat-pebbled roof, as a promenade for visitors in the "form" and the immortals; to build a large observatory from which visitors could view the beautiful scenery of valley, hill, ravine, and lake. The house was completed with conciliatory obedience according to spirit plans and directions, all the neighbors wondering why so large a house should be built for "them old folks." Over two years ago the spirit architects ordered that a board partition be put in the front upper room, forming a dark room, called the "Cabinet." A door from the audience-room opens into the Cabinet. In the centre of the partition is an aperture, over which, from the inside, hangs a black velvet curtain, which is raised by the spirits, when faces, forms, arms, etc., are shown. During the past two years, departed friends have been recognized in these rooms every week, and during the past season, as their fame goes abroad, it is of daily occurrence. We will, without referring to special personal tests, state what we know after having been present at several sittings, and from conversing with many reliable persons who have had sittings there during the past six months.

We will give no names, as we have never asked or received permission so to do. Will first give the principal incidents of a "seance"—there being present six ladies and four men, including "ourselves." As is usual, we were seated in the audience-room in a circle, with Mrs. A. in the middle, supplying the link in the other half of the circle—sitting under the aperture in the ceiling facing us. All light of day is excluded from the room and the door locked leading from the hall to the audience-room. The lights are extinguished, and total darkness reigns supreme. To "harmonize conductors," and make waiting and hoping less a disturbing feature, Mrs. A. desired some one to play on the piano, which was skillfully done by a lady that had never been in the room before. Vocal music was called for, and most beautiful songs and hymns were sung. Mrs. A. said, "You may have to sit an hour before you will see, hear, or feel anything unusual; therefore, keep singing or playing that your anxiety may not prevent the spirits from doing what they are as anxious to do as you are that they should do." Sometimes we get something in ten minutes, and very little then. Again, we may wait an hour or longer, and then have powerful demonstrations.

After a half hour of music and darkness, mysterious appearing lights traverse the room in curved lines of beauty and what staggers scientific skeptics, and in fact all, is that these beautiful lights approach near our faces and hands, and emit no light to make, in the least, our faces less obscure and dark. No chemist has yet been able to produce such phenomena—lights so large and not throwing light upon all objects. Next we were fanned as by gentle breezes, refreshing and cool, but from where? We were then sprinkled with water. How was it done? "Sweet Home" was then played when three voices, base, tenor, and alto joined in the chorus, the volume and power of which, far exceeded that of our mortals. We also sang "Old John Brown" with our utmost power, and were assisted by two voices, that changed some of the words to harmonize with spiritual ideas. "As we go marching on" was changed to "As we come near to you." Other changes were made. All present firmly believed that their voices joined with the angels. We don't believe it was ventriloquism or an illusion or deception. A lively tune was played, when the floor vibrated with tremulous action, our chairs trembled, and as we were amazed at the mysterious and powerful influence that pervaded the room, we all seemed to be gently touched by soft hands in rapid succession. No two persons—even with angel's wings—could fly about the room as rapidly, and touch each so distinctly at the same moment. Mrs. A. could not get her chair without our knowing it. At this moment of pleasant excitement, two voices were heard at the same time speaking to two different ones in the circle. "Dear mother," "dear sister," were whispered to two ladies, as they felt gentle touches on their faces and brows—touches that all heard. At the same time another person was addressed and told to "be of good cheer, better days will soon dawn upon you." Tears of joy and love of sympathy responded to these messages of love—sympathetic chords roused to action by angel influence—made the supremely happy moment to those that felt and knew, beyond a shadow of doubt, that their dear departed ones were again with them, many remarking that it was the happiest moment of their lives. We were all united in a shout of joy, and then Mrs. A. and us ten, seeking after the truth, desiring to see and hear our friends from the overgrown shore. If it was an illusion it was a happy one. We know it was a reality.
To "harmonize conditions" "Sweet Home" and "Waiting by the River" were sung. A voice, that seemed to come from the Cabinet, said "raise a light." A lamp was lighted and placed on the piano, so

as to permit the rays to fall upon the opening in the cabinet and light up the faces. We examined the cabinet and saw only a chair and trumpet, and like the others, can find no trap doors where many different persons as are seen could enter and retire. Mrs. A. is then seated in the "Cabinet," and after the ladies were satisfied that there was nothing concealed in her wardrobe, hats, gloves, women, and children, and arms, hands, flowers, etc., are often seen at one sitting, the door is closed, and we again seat ourselves in our just-lighted room, and are told by Mrs. A. to look at the black curtain, which may be elevated in a few minutes, and may not in half an hour, and possibly not at all, unless we keep quiet and not be too anxious to see our friends. Again we hear the piano and join in singing. In a few minutes the curtain is partially raised and a pillow passes by two or three times. Then a pale-faced hand passes and reappears, resting on the white pillow. This was at once recognized by a mother and daughter as the hand of a son and brother, of him whose hand was paralyzed, and for weeks before passing to spirit life, the hand rested on a pillow. The mother and sister were moved to tears. They said it was his hand. The hand again appeared, and motioned assent to what they said. Then the curtain rose and his face was plainly shown, and he spoke a few words. He again presented his face three times, and bowed, and a smile was plainly seen on his beautifully manly countenance. Tears of joy and gratitude flowed as they knew it was a reality—that they could not be deceived.

Two other faces were seen, but were not thrown with the light far enough to be as distinctly seen, and were not recognized. Seven plain and distinct hands were seen, of different sizes and shapes—three exhibiting arms above the elbow, thrust into the light, cooling, and waving upon the wall. All of the fingers moved with a nimbleness and dexterity not excelled by any human hands—five of the hands being in the light at once, and the fingers all in motion at once, one of them giving the deaf and dumb alphabet. We were told that where the seances should close, a finger should point from the curtains opening to the cabinet door. It pointed, and we opened the door in an instant, and there was Mrs. A., her chair and trumpet, and nothing could be found of those many faces, hands, and arms. While in the cabinet, we did not think she could have moved out of her chair from the corner where she sat without our hearing her, for the partition is thin and we were near it, and a light step could easily have been heard. After we went to the parlors before a photograph was taken of Mrs. A.'s trunk, which was an exact likeness of the young man seen and recognized by the mother and sister. All were satisfied that it was a convincing test. At other sittings that we have attended, there has been more talking in exhortation and colloquy both with and without the trumpet, which is used by the spirits when there is not power sufficient to converse without it. We heard George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, speak eloquently for 10 or 15 minutes; at least he claimed to be George Fox and he was heard. We have seen these and heard them in the cabinet, and all that speak are calculated to benefit humanity. We are advised to live good and holy lives, that we may be happy here and hereafter, and to do good to our fellow beings, that as we sow so shall we reap. No Satan and advice is given. The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man is maintained. Eternal progression hereafter and the final overthrow of evil is eloquently asserted. Spirit voices proclaim that a great outpouring is soon to come—that legions of angels will soon visit this earth with messages from heretofore unseen spirits, converse with the spirit spheres will be universal; that the power now operating usually is, in many respects, experimental; that before many years pass by, angelic influence and power will prevent murder and all the direful sins that curse our world; that soon there will be no prisons and jails, and that the long-looked-for millennium day will soon dawn with celestial power. As proof that prisons will in a few years be among the things that were, they have declared, which upon investigation has proved correct, that in Auburn and Sing Sing prisons there cannot be found a single convict that believes in the "Fatherhood of God—the Brotherhood of Man," and the final happiness of the whole human family; and this in the face of the fact that fully one-fourth of the people of the United States believe in the ultimate overthrow and destruction of evil. Mr. and Mrs. B. and Mrs. A. converse upon these manifestations with calm composure, believing that they are instruments of the angels' hands of benefiting humanity, of opening a grand page in creation's book that will be in the history of the world, of banishing evil from earth all disbelief now existing of the immortality of the soul. They feel thankful that many who once doubted the soul's immortality, now rejoice in knowing their friends are here which they doubted before they saw and heard them speak to them, and heard their voices. The grave contained all that remained of the spirits. The spirits prophesied that in a very few years not a skeptic can be found. The manifestations are varied, occasionally there will be nothing unusual seen, heard or felt at a sitting, to the deep regret of Mrs. A., and the family. The next season may be very startling, owing to exorable laws difficult to explain. Some see their departed friends the first sitting, others do not by remaining there a week or more. We saw a man from Pennsylvania, who, on the eighth day of his stay at the Keeler mansion saw his deceased son, and heard him speak words of comfort and cheer. Some say that we have seen, were stiff, of cold expression—dead—and would be instantly recognized by

friends beyond a doubt. Other faces appear cheerful and life-like, smiles and animation lighting up their countenances. Sometimes they throw their faces in the light fully; at other times they appear faintly in the "twilight" background; sometimes we have heard powerful preaching in describing the "Beyond" at other sittings not an audible voice is heard. The singing is often beautiful and impressive; again, it is faint and not clear, and full of musical melody, owing to conditions difficult to explain.

The spirits' theory is that the spiritual bodies attract material matter through material, magnetic and spiritual influences through the magnetism of those present and the medium, and clothe for a few minutes their spiritual forms with materiality, causing the form to appear as nearly as possible like the earth; that it cannot be done in the light is owing to the blinding effect of light on such chemical combinations; that when formed, light produces dissolving, destructive painful effect, especially so on faces, which prevents their remaining long in the light; that even hands will discolor, as they often do, when held in too strong a light; that such dissolution is painful. Also, that to shake hands with mortals, which they occasionally do is painful, disagreeable, and prevents very often further exhibitions.

What appear like spectacles are often worn by the immortals, which they say is to protect their eyes, which are under unnatural conditions from the disagreeable effects of light. This may throw some light upon the reason why many manifestations must necessarily occur in the dark, "choosing darkness rather than light," as some are apt to quote from the Bible. We believe all will acknowledge that most of the spiritual angelic manifestations recorded in the Bible occurred in the night—the dark. The reader will recall many night scenes of the Bible, and perhaps not in the future object so much to darkness connected with angel manifestations.

Mr. and Mrs. K. and Mrs. A. are plain, unpretending people, not able themselves to deceive such multitudes as have visited them. There is no genius and talent enough in the brains of all the skills of the world to do one tenth of what occurred there. Can all the learned men of the world through sciences, sleight of hand and hocus, do what the Woman of Moravia has in hundreds of cases performed or assumed to be the cause of singular, marvelous physical demonstrations and revelations, prophecies, etc.

Mr. K. is a wealthy farmer and has spent his life in the study of the Bible, and is endeavoring to investigate this subject which seems to him of vast importance. Since so many are entertained at his house a small charge is made upon those able to pay for refreshment and sittings. He says that he never expects to be any richer in this world's goods on account of entertaining those who seek light from above. These people cannot believe that they are deceived, as many of their neighbors think—Satan and his aids form faces and voices that preach so eloquently—giving such beautiful and exalting advice, which, if they would but convert from their error, would be of great benefit to the world. In so doing would he not "rise up against himself." In Mark iii: 26, Jesus says: "And if Satan rise up against himself, and be divided, he cannot stand, but hath an end." Other comparisons in the same chapter are given by which should be seen before the world's great wrongs of the same chapter clearly explain the character of an enormous sin and its penalty. Similar developments are beginning in Chicago and other places and should be viewed with calm composure.

In the 28th Chapter of the first book of SAMUEL, we read that the Woman of Endor raised SAMUEL to appear before Saul, foretelling great events that did occur. PETER was released from prison by Angel aid. These and other spirit manifestations recorded in the Bible are in the opinion of our Moravia friends, no more marvelous than what has taken place in their house. They claim that the latter are as well authenticated as possible by human testimony. To disbelieve the former they say subjects one to be called an "infidel," "skeptical" or worse. They are willing to be denounced for the good of humanity—the progression of liberal Christian ideas—and the overthrow of that infidelity which is so difficult to answer the query "why do we have the life and teachings of Jesus and the other half of suffering humanity never on earth hear that he lived or died?" During the first year of the "Moravia Wonders" the great majority of the people in and about Moravia considered them a "delusion," "humbug," "sleight of hand," etc., and piled those who were deceived. Now the most intelligent inhabitants no longer doubt their spiritual origin. Some think they are what they purport to be, others that it is the work of his "Satanic majesty." How can the come to any other conclusions than one of the two, after so many have been eye-witnesses, and with hundreds, have during the past season seen departed friends—just as they appeared in life—and heard their audible voices in songs of praise, loving words of recognition, and explanations of the joy and beatitude of that life which begins with what we call death and ends never.

"With malice towards none" (because they cannot yet think as we do), and "charity for all," we have written this, hoping that it may be productive of lasting good, causing some to see that life begins with what we call death and ends never.
"With malice towards none" (because they cannot yet think as we do), and "charity for all," we have written this, hoping that it may be productive of lasting good, causing some to see that life begins with what we call death and ends never.

the future seems dark and uncertain, who do not believe in a spiritual existence beyond the earth life, to go there and be convinced, as others have by incontrovertible and overwhelming evidence, that this earth life is but the A B C of existence, and the issue of the life to be.
"The theme of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own
And in the folds of destiny
We read as we have now.
Long shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And, pointed on the eternal wall,
The past shall re-appear."

Henry Ward Beecher on Spiritualism.

Mr. Beecher, in a sermon lately referred to follows to Spiritualism:
It is generally admitted that from the very beginning of things this world has been open to the influence of spirits. We can readily believe that there is a spiritual influence which we can neither understand nor appreciate. This is certainly the doctrine of the New Testament. It was taught both by the Savior and by the Apostles, that both divine and demonic influences did roll in upon the human soul; and I aver that there is nothing men should so much desire—and do so much need—as those divine influences which the Bible teaches have been wafted over into this sphere. The fantastic and false notions have arisen during all ages concerning this spiritual doctrine does not prove its fallacy by any means. How do men account for the fact that out of the lowest savage animal condition of man there has come this conception of a free spirit and consequent spiritual illumination? This idea was with the race of man as far back as the beginning, and their vague feeling out after light showed them as now their need of it. Of course, mere seeking does not prove the existence of an object, but it shows a need which is not a part of God's economy to allow. Our Savior asserts the reality of these spiritual influences, and declares it is not possible for man to understand them. It is impossible to interpret a higher sphere to those in a lower; hence this great truth cannot be unfolded in detail as if it were an earthly truth.
Those living in the present have not so much need of this spiritual help; but, for that great part of the race who live in daily consciousness of imperfection; who struggle on in darkness and doubt knowing not how to comfort themselves, it is the one thing needed. It is the office of the Divine Spirit to inspire and comfort men. There are times when we are all of us conscious of being influenced by a spirit outside of ourselves, and although it is true that this influence transcends our understanding, we are nevertheless able to prepare ourselves for its reception by making ourselves susceptible to spirit presence. If you have a sense of personal communion with the spirit world, believe that God has found you. Do not long to separate ourselves from mere physical consciousness? Can anybody endure the thought of going down to the grave to annihilation? Is there anything we desire more than a light to shine upon the road that leads to the great beyond? No better argument can be made for Spiritualism than that it settles faith.

The New Religious Movement.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 17.—The call for a National Convention to secure the recognition of God in the Constitution of the United States by an amendment to that instrument has just been issued from this city. It is signed by the Governors of Pennsylvania, Virginia and Kansas, Judge Wm. Murray of New York, Bishop McVane and numerous clergy of this city. It is to be held at Cincinnati, January 31, 1872. No Methodist minister signed the call. The Methodist Episcopal ministers of this city decline to agitate the question.
The above called Convention is the third one that has been called by a set of intolerant bigots, who want to get some national law to control the public conscience. The Methodist people generally, to their credit be it said, do not approve of the movement. One of the leading Baptist papers in Pittsburgh, Penn., disapproves of the measure, and we believe only a few of any of the orthodox people are in favor of it. There are only a few bigoted fools that are engaged in this movement, and will only take advantage of opportunities to make themselves appear ridiculous.—Romeo, Mich., Observer.

NO MORE GRAY HAIR.—Nature's Hair Restorative brings back the original color. It is not a dye, and clear as crystal. Contains nothing injurious. See advertisement.

ACCORDING to the investigations of the Baron of Berlepos, 5,000 outlying worker bees weigh a pound. These are for the larger part honey gatherers resting from their labors, and with their honey sacs nearly empty.

THE Grand Duke Alexis has contributed \$5,000 to the poor of New York. It is understood that he has given \$2,000 for the poor of Boston, and that he will add \$3,000 to the Chicago relief fund.
At an anti-vaccinationist meeting recently held in Manchester, the resolution "That vaccination does not prevent small-pox, but doubles disease and death," was unanimously adopted.
THE Russian Grand Duke Alexis is to be complimented by General Sheridan with a grand buffalo hunt on the plains. Spotted Bull and one thousand Sioux braves have been secured, including all "modern improvements," to give zest to the event.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1871.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

God Dwelling in Darkness.—The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

(NUMBER XLVII.)

In our previous article, we briefly alluded to the interesting experiment of an ingenious Yankee, who attached a lamp to a kite, and sent it up among the clouds, and oscillating there, moving around under the impulses of the breeze, it excited in the minds of the rude Indians the wildest supernatural feelings! They had gazed upon the starry regions, watched the movements of a comet, seen the moon change its position and appearance, witnessed the dark portentous clouds holding in their embrace a terrific storm, but never before did they have the privilege of seeing a light so near the earth, oscillating to and fro. As they searched the creation of all things to their Great Spirit, it was perfectly natural for them to regard that blue light tinged with an orange red, as representing one of his eyes. They saw the light, but did not observe this kite, the string or the man who originated the whole scheme. Show the Indians the man, string, kite, and lamp, and all at once their superstitious notion in reference to the light would vanish in a moment.

The world to-day is gazing upon the "greater lights," those stupendous luminaries,—worlds that dot the firmament, and like the Indian, all are ready without a moment's hesitation in ascribing their creation to a God. The "lesser light" was not organized through the instrumentality of God,—why the greater? But the world is not prepared for such an idea as this. They love superstition; they love the tall steeples, the carpeted aisles, and soft-cushioned seats of their church, and if you call them superstitious you will excite their indignation at once. God is *constantly* receding. Justin proportion as man advances upon progression's ladder, God will retreat, and he can never catch a glimpse of him, never hear his voice, or feel his benign influence. The gods of to-day are not connected with any thing that we can comprehend in all its details. You may say he is in the electric flash, in the storm-cloud, in the fiercest tornado, in the eruption of a volcano, in the formation of worlds, and in the management and government of the planetary system. Your declaration is not, however, based on any practical knowledge,—the only evidence you have, (look at the kite with a light attached to it) something is there beyond the powers of your mind to grasp. The God of to-day is absolutely nothing but darkness,—ignorance, resulting in superstition. The moment you advance into the dark realms of nature, in those fields you do not understand, and illuminate the same with science, so the mind can comprehend the action of the forces there, instantly the darkness becomes light, and God has *vanished*, and we find that we can execute what we have attributed to him. The eye has limits to the scope of its vision; the ear cannot hear very distant sounds, nor the mind comprehend very much of creation, but we invariably find that God is outside of the circle of our knowledge. We raise the hand,—our individual self was instrumental in doing it. We build a steamboat, engine, spinning jenny—we know that no God had anything to do therewith. The skill of man, his energy, ingenuity, and muscular strength, were instrumental in accomplishing that work. Did God do any thing that man ever did? You ascribe, however, all things to him that you cannot fully comprehend.

Then the God of day is one of darkness. Beyond the ken of your mortal vision, beyond the range of your intellect or comprehension is one dark night to you. You are the center of a circle of light, extending just so far as your mind can comprehend the action of the forces around you, and no further. As you advance upon progression's ladder, as you ascend the hill of science, this circle of light will increase in dimensions, the darkness will

recede, and you will find that God has left in disgust. The Indian placed him in that light that oscillated in the heavens, but the moment his understanding was illuminated with the cause, the God he had placed there retreated. To-day, then, in this enlightened age of the world, we call God darkness—we call him that, for the moment you explain the cause of anything,—the moment you can penetrate the arcana of nature with the lamp of reason, the God you have placed there has gone,—he will not even show his back parts to you.

The world to-day, then, while basking under the influence of their imaginary God, are only acknowledging their own ignorance. The more of God you see in creation, the more minute his actions there, the plainer becomes your imitation of the Indian, and the more apparent becomes your superstitious notions.

While, then, progressing, we should ever remember, that darkness is ever before us. All is mystery there; all that exists within that dark envelope is supposed to be under the exclusive control of God—he works in darkness, and only there. Confronted with this darkness, we still advance. We hear strange noises emanating therefrom. A strange voice strikes upon the ear, and we ascribe it to the voice of God. Whispers seem to be borne to us on the wings of the wind—whence they come we know not. Strange figures appear, stand before us a moment, and then vanish. We feel a strange influence. We seem to be enveloped in a halo of light, and our mental vision seems clearer. Once that voice would have been attributed to God, and those strange figures would have represented him. Moses talked with a spirit, and instantly made a God out of it. In this darkness, in this almost impenetrable mist that confronts us on all sides, it is there that the human mind places his God. But that darkness to you, is light to some one else, hence there is no God there—never has been, and never will be. For ages the character of the Spirit World was unknown. It was all darkness to the children of earth, one impenetrable mist, and therein they placed their God—just out of sight, beyond the ken of their vision or grasp of their mind.

Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had their God. True to the instincts of their nature, they ascribed all to him that was beyond the range of their contracted intellects. Poor Hagar, after having her person outraged by the first named reprobate,—committing an offense which would have consigned him to the penitentiary if a resident of Illinois at the present time,—found a God in the wilderness:—

And the angel of the Lord found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness, by the fountain in the way to Shur.

And he said, Hagar, Sarah's maid, whence comest thou? And she said, I flee from the face of my mistress Sarah.

And the angel of the Lord said unto her, Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands.

And the angel of the Lord said unto her, I will multiply thy seed exceedingly, that it shall not be numbered for multitude.

And the angel of the Lord said unto her, Behold thou art with child, and shalt bear a son, and shalt call his name Ishmael; because the Lord hath heard thy affliction.

And he will be a wild man; his hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren.

And she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou God seest me; for she said, Have I also here looked after him that seeth me?—Gen. 16: 7-13.

The spirit who addresses her, added to her already wounded feelings by his bold inquiries, by asserting that her child should become a wild man, a desperado, yet she in the last verse quoted, called him God—she had found him in the messenger that had come from the Spirit World.

Sarah, the wife of Abraham, also claims to have received a visit from God himself:

And the Lord visited Sarah as he had said, and the Lord did unto Sarah as he had spoken.—Gen. 1: 21.

At the present time, however, not one among all the orthodox in the land would claim they had been so highly favored as Sarah was, although this same personage in other passages has been called "man," "Lord," "angel," and "God."

Moses, the indefatigable lawyer, was also one of the highly favored ones of ancient times:

And the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush; and he looked, and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.

And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt.

And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I.

And he said, Draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.

Moreover he said, I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face; for he was afraid to look upon God.—Ex. 3: 1-6.

The God, however, that Moses saw was an angel, or spirit, the same that had appeared to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, yet it was regarded as a God.

We shall pursue this train of thought one more number, and then branch off into a field of investigation that will be of especial interest to every reflective mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Microscopes.

We have now on hand a supply of the same fine, low priced instruments that we dealt in before the fire, and hope to be able to obtain them fast enough to fill our orders. They are imported from Paris; and are without doubt the best low priced microscopes in this country. While our profit on them is small, and the difficulty of obtaining them considerable, we deal in this kind rather than in others that we can buy for one-half the cost, giving our friends the very best that can be had for the money.

Minneapolis Journal of Commerce.

We have received the first number of the above-named paper, published at St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn. It is nicely gotten-up, and is alive to the interests of that State. It will, no doubt, be well sustained.

Calamities—Their Author—Is there a Compensation?

Unusual phenomena in nature, attract the attention of the people. Ignorant men are startled with amazement thereat, and if such phenomena is of a character to produce convulsions in the elements above, or in the earth beneath, which, as sometimes is the case, to an extent that is terrifying to all, by the destruction of property and human life, the most ignorant unhesitatingly attribute it to an offended God, while the scientist and philosopher discover no more evidence of an angry God, nor the interposition of any special power, good or evil, than exists in a latent state at all times, and if properly guided may be made subservient and useful. The tendency of the mind when left free from fear—a slavish fear of popular opinion, or of a jealous, vindictive God, is to investigate from causes to effects.

While this is the natural tendency of the unfettered mind, nevertheless it is a fact patent to the most casual observer, that the religious world virtually supplants that natural tendency and desire of the mind, from early childhood, with but few exceptions, by interposing the dogma that children and adults have no business to reason upon theological subjects; that "carnal reason is dangerous;" that the church settles all questions and gives the true solution of all matters appertaining to the future welfare of "J. So-and-so," and as thus settled must be believed, or you will be damned.

We are aware that "liberal Christians" will reply, that is only the dogma of the Roman Catholics, or most rigid of the Protestant churches. We do not hamper the mind; we are liberal. We interpret "Holy Writ" according to its true meaning. We teach "that God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten and well-beloved Son to suffer and die upon the cross that whosoever believed on him might be saved, and that all should love God and come to a knowledge of the truth, because he first loved us."

Well, this is only a coat of another color for the same old "scapegoat." Another means of throwing sins upon another to be "carried to the wilderness." From Moses to Christ the system of religion was of a material type, represented by symbols. Yet these symbolic figures were intended to reach the minds of the masses and elevate them morally.

But this spirit of tyranny exerted upon the ignorant masses compelled obedience to the law givers and rulers, under the most severe penalties. No one could presume to question a "thus saith the Lord" through Moses, under penalty of the earth opening its mouth and swallowing them up, as in the case of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. The same doctrine obtains to-day, under the teachings of the Romish Church. No one is allowed to question what is declared to be a dogma or a church. No one is to question the bulls of "old infidelity" under penalty of being anathematized and made to rot in the bones, and being sent to purgatory—never to escape.

Our Protestant friends deride the "infallibility of the Pope," laugh at his bulls and denounce all Catholics as fools and impostors, while they in turn pronounce the Bible holy, and the "Infallible Word of God."

In accordance with its teachings they would "not suffer a witch to live." They would pronounce anathemas upon, and hasten the exit of sinners from this world. Not content with that, they would give them a passport to a yawning hell for an eternity to come—a hell of never-ending burning—"the smoke of whose torment ascendeth upward forever and ever." These teachings slightly differ in different denominations, but without a difference in the basis of belief. Both are founded upon the idea of an angry God, who daily punishes the wicked with "a wrath that burns to the lowest hell," and in this they follow the letter of the "Sacred Word."

They all teach children, youth, and old men and women that it is dangerous to investigate or to listen to any teachings which do not harmonize with the Bible. This is the theme of Sunday school talk, it is the substance of conversations day by day between deacons and brethren in the church, it is the sum and substance of clerical dissertations on Sundays from the pulpit.

Every scientific discovery has had to run the gauntlet through the double file of the devotees of old theology, officers, and commanded by popes, cardinals, bishops, priests, and deacons. But despite all this "the world moves." New discoveries in the arts and sciences are made, and a few men stand by, and herald truths until they are made apparent to ordinary minds.

As we have before said, but for the force of public opinion and "hell torments," the masses would learn to investigate and receive truths—scientific and philosophical truths.

This is the enlightened age! And yet it is full of ignorance—hypocritical priests promulgate the old and abominable doctrine of "an amen from their hearers," that "God's anger burns to the lowest hell," and that "he visits the sins of the parents upon the children to the third and fourth generation," that he cursed Adam and Eve, and in them all their posterity, for eating an apple, that he cursed and drowned sinners with a flood, saving none but good Noah and his family, he caused the path to open its mouth and swallow up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and other sinners, because they questioned Moses' "thus saith the Lord."

They teach that he visits the wicked with famine, pestilence, and tornadoes, and sends "fiery serpents" among them to "bite and poison them," old, young, and middle aged, even unto death, unless they are saved by faith and works, to wit, by looking at Moses' brazen serpent—a wonderful means of escaping from "God's wrath!"

But still more ingenious is God's theological "plan of salvation," to avoid his curse pro-

nounced upon Adam and Eve—the earth and the serpent included. If Christ died for all should not "old Nick" be included? This plan, unlike Moses' plan of saving those who were bit by flying serpents, was not by lifting up a "brazen serpent" for sinners to look at, (as would seem to be quite natural, as there was "the old serpent," who ought to have some way to "propitiate God's wrath," toward him, as well as his fellow sinners), but by "God's plan," which was for himself to become "incarnate in the flesh," through the instrumentality of the "Virgin Mary," and finally while thus incarnated to be crucified for the sins of "all such as were predestinated from the foundation of the world to be saved by justification of faith." Indeed, this world-wide popular "plan of salvation" is summed up by Martin Luther, and approved by John Calvin, the great fathers of all evangelical churches, in the following lucid language:

God sent his only son into the world, and laid upon him all the sins of all men, saying: "Be thou Peter, that deliver; Paul, that persecutor; blasphemous, and cruel oppressor; David, that adulterer; be thou that sinner that did eat the apple in Paradise; that thief that hanged upon the cross; in brief, be thou the person who hath committed the sins of all men: see, therefore, that thou pay and satisfy them." Here now cometh the law and the gospel. For now the law is done, and the sinners are all taken upon him, the sins of all men; therefore, let him die upon the cross. And so he setteth upon him and killeth him. By this means the whole world is purged and cleared from all sin. Therefore, where sins are seen and felt, there are they, indeed, no sins; for, according to Paul's divinity, there is no sin, no death, no condemnation, any more in the world, but only in Christ. But some man will say: "It is very absurd and slanderous to call the Son of God a cursed sinner." I answer: If thou wilt deny him to be a cursed sinner, deny also that he was crucified and died. This is a singular consolation for all Christians, so to clothe Christ with our sins.

The intelligent, independent thinker is amazed when he contemplates the spectacle presented in the faith of intelligent men and women upon this subject.

The idea is horrible to contemplate, that the Almighty God, the creator and preserver of the universe and all therein, must of necessity, if infinite in wisdom, and no one will doubt that, have known before he created a single soul what must be his or her character and destiny, and then, when exerting his infinite power, he could just as easily have created all beings with loving, christian spirits, who would as a matter of necessity have been good, and never thought of or done a sinful act, and yet did bring untold millions into existence, with the full determination that they should forever and ever be the victims of his wrath, without the slightest hope of pardon. And yet this is the popular belief of this age. The devotees of this faith are the people who sneer at Spiritualism.

These people command the respect of the world, and build stately churches and cathedrals to worship in the God of *crucifixion*. These are the people who anathematize all who do not yield implicit assent to the truth of the doctrine that all mankind sinned in Adam, and are now under condemnation to endless hell-torments unless they are "justified by faith in the atoning blood of the lamb." Unless they yield assent to "God's plan of salvation," through his own "incarnation, through the 'immaculate conception of the holy Virgin,' 'birth, and death upon the cross,' taking upon himself 'the sins of the world, becoming the 'accursed himself in their stead,' that a few believers in this supreme folly 'might be 'saved.'"

The mass of the inhabitants of the so-called Christian world believe in this "plan of salvation." Millions of human lives have been taken by the dominant religious party in power, for no other reason than that they could see no necessity for such a senseless plan of salvation, or else denied some favorite dogma of the dominant religious party holding the reins of government—church and state formerly having been united and inseparable.

In view of these facts, while speaking of great calamities that have befallen the people, can we conceive of any seemingly more terrible than the religious calamity, a calamity that has repeated itself over and over again among the people of every nation—a calamity that has deluged the world with blood, that has created the most exquisite torture that mortal ever endured! A single instance: John Calvin, the founder of all phases of Calvinistic faith of the present day, caused Michael Servetus to be burned to death with faggots of green wood, at Geneva, in Switzerland, for no other reason than that he, Servetus, believed that Christ was the son of the eternal God, while Calvin held that Christ was the eternal Son of God!

If religion has been a calamity to the world—say, a calamity not second to any other—the question will naturally arise, who is the author, and is there a compensation?

Some of our Spiritualist friends desire not only to convert Spiritualism into a great religious organization, but to unite it with our civil governmental affairs. In a word, to become the dominant party by virtue of a union of church and state. A few persons, professing to speak in the name of *American Spiritualists*, have already resolved so to do. In inquiring into the compensation to be derived from all past suffering, growing out of all of the religious calamities that the world has been visited with, we may get light that will be valuable. We shall see by and by.

* One might almost suppose, from such passages, that Luther held Universalist doctrines. Very far from it. "God, in this world, has scarce the tenth part of the people; the smallest number only will be saved. If, now, these will know why they are saved, and especially many damned, this is the cause: the world will not hear Christ."—Luther, Table, pp. vii, 12.

† Commentary on Galatians, II chap. III, verse 12.

THE DEBATABLE LAND.—Honorable Robert Dale Owen, the author, informs us that one half of the second edition was ordered by the *frugal* before a copy of it was worked off. It is a very popular book. Sent by mail on receipt of \$2.

EXPERIMENT in California is called the "Pacific slope."

Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

For the last four years we have had a specific fund entitled as above.

The object of this fund is to enable all who desire to do so, to add a class of people to read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL who are unable to subscribe and pay for the same.

The appeal of that class to the proprietor of this paper has never been made in vain. About one per cent. of the expense of free subscriptions has been paid out of that fund; the balance has been borne by the publisher.

All widows, orphans, and aged people who desire to read this paper but feel too poor to pay for it, on request, will have it sent them marked F. W. O., which means *friend*, and charged to the Widow's and Orphan's Fund.

Since the first several kind-hearted people have donated small sums to aid us in buying a new outfit. The money is very timely, and we most sincerely thank the donors for the same. Money is hard to be got at this time, "every dollar counts;" but as we have often said before, notwithstanding we found ourselves greatly embarrassed by the terrible destruction of property on which our insurance is of little or no value, even to one-half more than our good brother, Dr. Child, mentioned in the second miniature JOURNAL we issued since the fire, yet they wholly disclaim being an object of charity.

All sums donated to us will be passed over to the credit of the above-named fund, and the who make such donations are respectfully requested to name the persons to whom they would like to have the JOURNAL sent free, to the full amount of their respective donations, and it shall be done.

If in any case parties making such donations shall fail to mention to whom the paper shall be sent free, we shall apply their money for the first applicants.

Received and placed to the credit of the Widow's and Orphan's Fund:

Amount previously acknowledged.....	\$415.95
Fleming Hopkins, Boylston, Ind.....	5.30
Oscar F. Rowley, Oakville, Ill.....	3.00
A Friend.....	5.00

Letter from A. H. Beach.

BROTHER JONES—I don't think I ever wished more for wealth than at present, that I might expend it to relieve the suffering, and to advance the cause of Spiritualism.

I have just been reading the letter of Phineas Eames, published by Bro. Wilson in last week's JOURNAL, and do not think I ever read anything more thrilling or touching,—touching in the recital of the painful separation of his loved ones from him by the Fire King; and most beautifully thrilling in his account of the angel ministrations to him in his sufferings. You will remember that I wrote you some weeks ago about a *Ministry for Phineas*, which I said I was going to adopt myself, and which I asked others to adopt.

Well, I thought after reading the touching letter of Brother Eames, that I would open my box and see how much it contained. I did so, and found sixty cents, which, although not a large sum, may do some good, and I forward it to you. If you see fit to let the savings from my box go to Brother E. V. Wilson, for his brother-in-law, do so, or use it in any other way you wish. If each Spiritualist throughout the country will give one penny a day (at the least, if they can spare no more) to advance the cause of Spiritualism, how much good we might accomplish with our combined efforts. I shall send up my box again, to be opened every two or three months, and the contents shall be forwarded to you.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

REMARKS: In behalf of the afflicted family of Brother Eames, we thank our friend. The idea is a good one. The pennies laid aside in the manner proposed will soon amount to dollars, and every dollar sent to our care for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund shall be faithfully applied as directed.

The little HALL ORPHANS of the ill-fated mother, and now suffering father, Eames, should be cared for. A kind brother who wishes not to have his name mentioned, sent us five dollars for the same purpose, and five dollars more for Brother Joseph Barker, of Milwaukee, which we have forwarded to them.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote cured me from the use of tobacco, and I heartily recommend it to any and all who desire to be cured. Thank God I am now free after using the weed over thirty years.

LORENZO MEERKIN.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectually destroyed my appetite and desire for tobacco.

DAVID O'HARRA.

Owego, N. Y., Sept. 15th, 1871.

I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use. Have no desire for it.

F. H. SPARKS.

Owego, N. Y., Sept. 25th, 1871.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free, with no desire or hankering for it.

GEORGE A. BARKER.

Owego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

Mr. R. T. Wynan, of Waukan, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. Included find two dollars. Please send me a box.

D. H. FORNER.

Oshkosh, Wis., Sept. 19, 1871.

For sale at this office. \$2.00 per box. Sent free of postage by mail. Address Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

Agents wanted.

A KENTUCKY girl says when she dies she desires to have tobacco planted over her grave, that the weed nourished by her dust may be chewed by her beloved lovers. There is poetry in her ideas.

MARY a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or vigils at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine.

An average New York fashionable party now costs about five thousand dollars, a small fortune for a good many people.

